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No. 715.—VOL. XXVIII.

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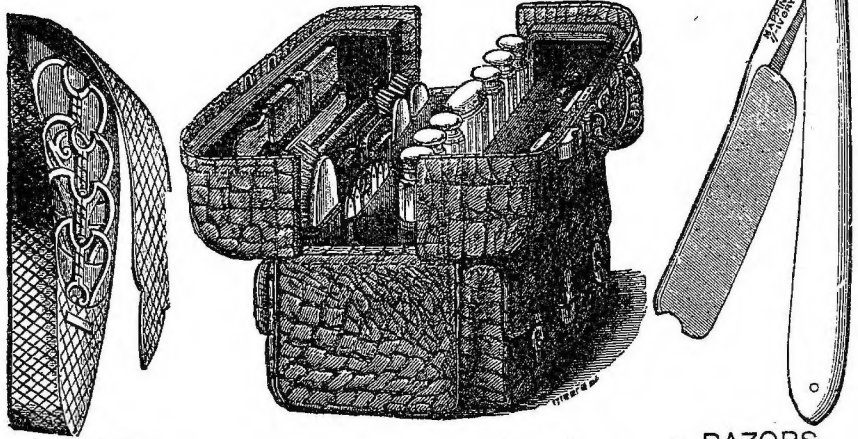
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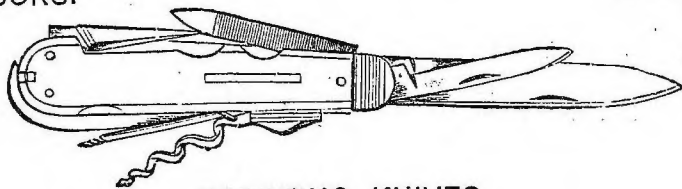
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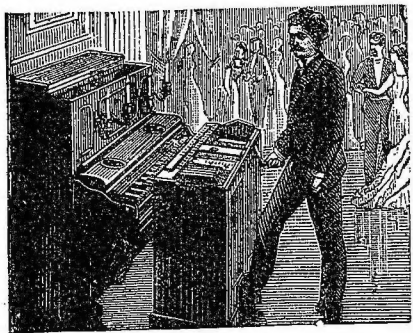
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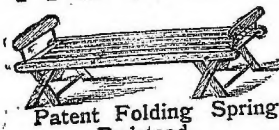


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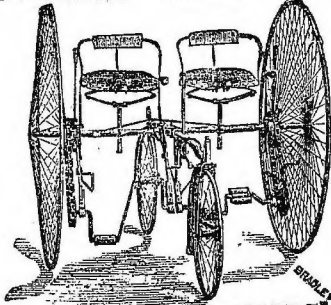
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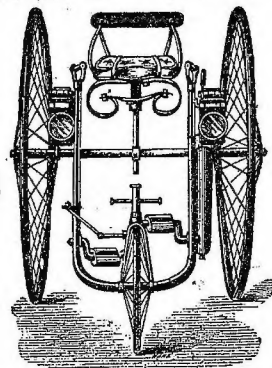
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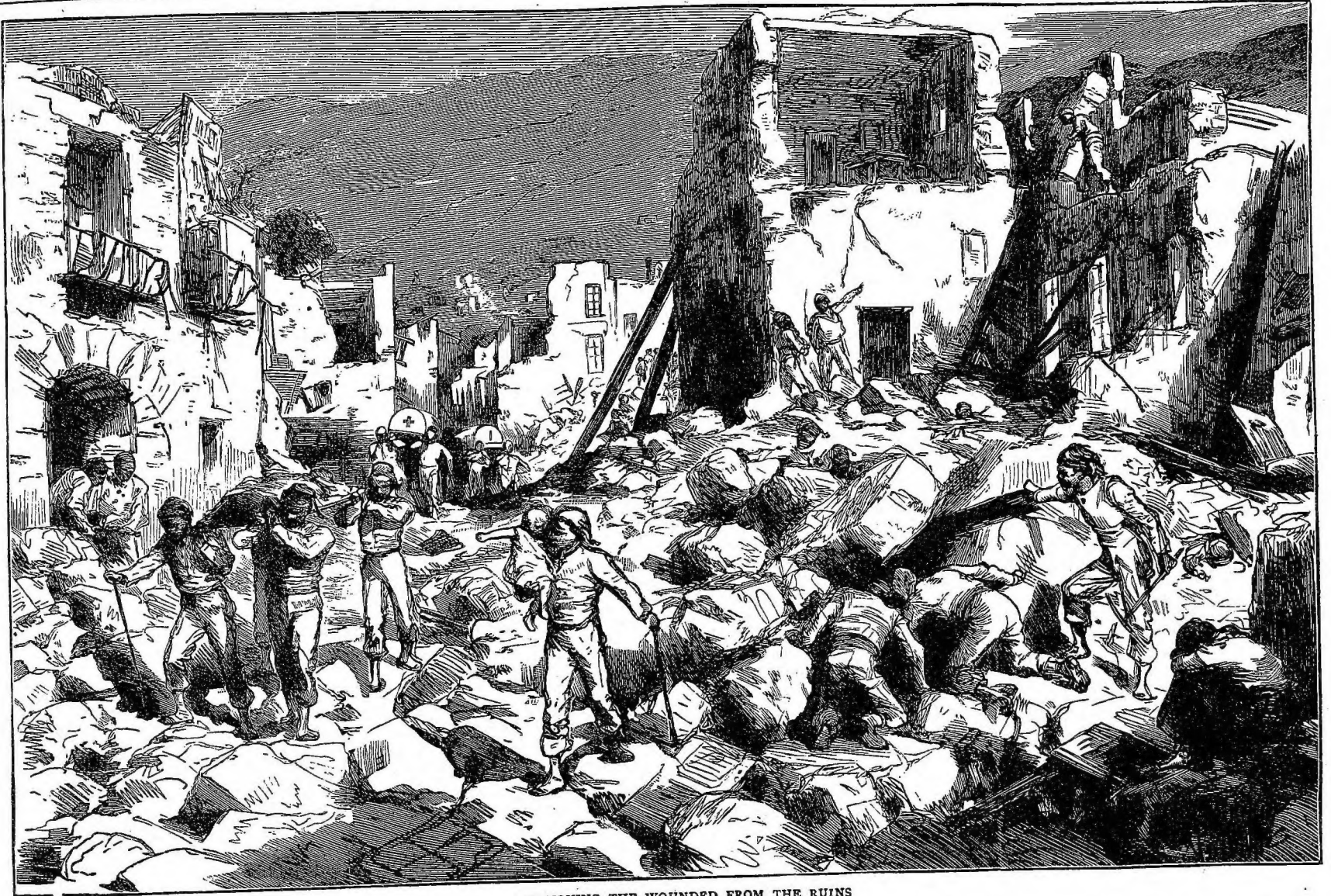
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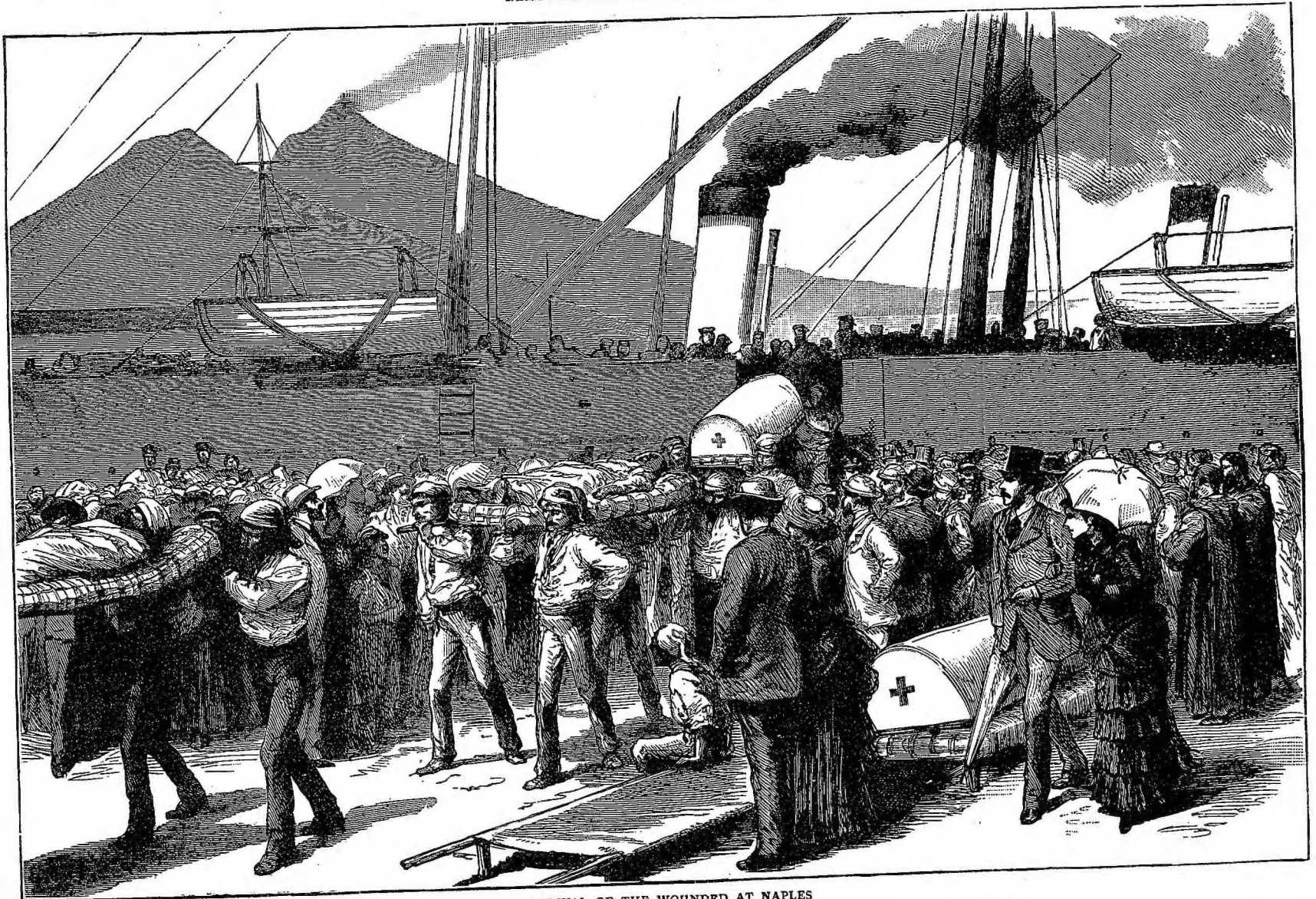
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Topics of the Week

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—With Parliament sitting, and Ministers therefore able to make any public communication they please, no one could expect any remarkable disclosures at the entertainment of Wednesday night. It is different in November, when, at least in normal years, Parliament has been prorogued for some months, and will stand prorogued for some months longer. The 9th November therefore forms a convenient Cabinet safety-valve for the period of comparative silence existing between August and February. There was really very little in Mr. Gladstone's speech of Wednesday night, but he is pre-eminently skilled in the goldbeater's art, he can beat out his precious metal very thin, and spread it over a large space. As regards our occupation of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone changes his tone on various occasions by way of being all things to all men. His utterance of Monday night was encouraging to Conservatives and moderate men generally; since then the Radical clique has been pulling at his coat-tails, and he bestows on them a sop by saying, "When our work is accomplished we shall disappear from Egypt." Some weeks ago we expressed our belief that the sensational message from Madagascar declaring that our Consul had been insulted would prove to be exaggerated. Mr. Gladstone now announces that such is the case. We are very glad to hear it, but we think that he and his colleagues should have been less ready to accept the news brought by the original telegram. Concerning Ireland the Premier is hopeful, but it is significant that he attributes the improved state of affairs (though we venture to doubt if there is much real improvement), not to his magical Land Act, but to the firm administration of the law. After the astonishing *douche* of hot water which Sir W. Harcourt poured the other day on the unlucky gentlemen who came to complain of the exorbitant charges of the water companies, the City Corporation will perhaps be pleased to learn from the Premier's lips that the Lord Mayor "represents that principle of self-government which is so dear to us, and with which I hope no centralising tendencies will be permitted to interfere." Now, if Mr. Firth's scheme for the municipal Government of London means anything, it certainly means centralisation, and it is usually contended, and with some justice, that the backwardness of London as compared with provincial municipalities is due to the fact that it is split up under a number of diverse governing bodies. No doubt, however, when the proper time comes, Mr. Gladstone will be able to show that his words meant something quite different from what the Lord Mayor took them to mean.

MR. GLADSTONE'S GREATEST MAJORITY.—Mr. Gladstone's star is evidently in the ascendant just now. Great as was his success last week in inflicting a crushing defeat on Sir Stafford Northcote, and in escaping, by means of a court-out, the martyrdom prepared for him by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, he far surpassed those achievements on Monday night. His reply to Mr. John Morley, in connection with the duration of our military occupation of Egypt, gained him the largest majority, outside as well as inside the House, that he has ever secured. Except for a noisy little clique of crotchety sentimentalists, the English people are of one mind—that it would be a national shame and degradation to leave the unhappy Egyptians to "stew in their own juice." They did not invite us to their country, and when we made a general smash of their institutions, we certainly had no warrant from them for that work. Since, therefore, we voluntarily undertook to play the part of *deus ex machina* on that occasion, we cannot shirk the responsibilities accruing from our acts without evoking—and deserving, too—the scorn of the world. It was this almost universal feeling which caused such a profound sense of relief throughout the country when Mr. Gladstone declared his intention of keeping a firm grip on Egypt until her new institutions get into working order. Not unnaturally, some of the Radical members thought this limitation rather indefinite. So it is, without doubt; the elaborate Dufferin Constitution, with its system of checks and counter-checks, depends for its efficient operation on honest human agency, and that article is remarkably scarce in Egypt. If therefore, our military occupation is to last until Egyptian judges are incorruptible, Egyptian Pashas just and merciful, and Egyptians generally scrupulous and truth-telling, many more periods of "six months" will have to elapse before the evacuation takes place. And there lies the only drawback to the pleasure afforded by Mr. Gladstone's statement. Will he be of the same mind next year, if it should happen that the Egyptians are no more fit to paddle their own canoe than they are now? To strengthen him against possible backsliding, we will quote the heavy censure he has just passed on the Beaconsfield Government for destroying the framework of society in Zululand without providing a better in its place. "It was one thing," he told Sir M. Hicks-Beach, "to carry destruction and confusion into a country, but it was another thing to re-establish peace and order on the shattered fragments of the past." *Mutato nomine*, this very verdict will be passed by history on Mr. Gladstone if he repents him of his present resolve to hold fast by Egypt until the corruptible becomes the incorruptible.

JOURNALISTIC DUELS.—Here is M. Octave Mirbeau in another scrape, and this time he has been pretty satisfactorily pinked. M. Mirbeau (if we do not greatly err) is the young newspaper man who lately insulted the whole profession of the stage, calling actors *cabotins* and other terms calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. M. Mirbeau said (and we do not wonder at it) that far too much fuss is made about actors in these later days, that they are too fashionable, and too much run after, too much talked about, too much admired by ladies. Well, is it not equally true in England? Actors are very much more popular than journalists, about whom, indeed, no one troubles himself at all. In England, however, the journalist is the peaceful lamb, and he sings the praises and records the achievements of Mr. Irving without envy, or a desire to insult actors at large as paid hypocrites and mercenary over-rated humbugs. In France they order these things differently, and doubtless M. Mirbeau hoped to enjoy the advertisement of half-a-dozen duels. He was disappointed, and his notoriety was less great than he desired, so he has taken to writing on politics, of all things, in *Les Grimaces*, and he has been called out by a Deputy, *un homme sérieux*, M. Étienne, and has been run through the arm, and can wear that member in a sling, and is altogether a very interesting and successful journalist. What a pity that we have only public dinners in England in place of this more chivalrous way of getting ourselves talked about! But we are a nation of shopkeepers, and, as M. Lesseps adds, of Phœnician shopkeepers.

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.—The discussions which took place in the House of Commons on Monday evening regarding the respective affairs of the Transvaal and Zululand have been sneered at as "academical," that is, lacking in practical usefulness. Something, however, may fairly be urged in defence of the originators of these debates. Notwithstanding all the time which is wasted in the House of Commons in purposeless or mischievous chatter, it is difficult to find an opportunity in that august assembly for the adequate discussion of any subject which happens to be distasteful to the Government. So the would-be debaters have to wait till the fag-end of the Session; and then, when the House has gone into Committee of Supply, they discover that some official ought to have his salary cut down; and so, under this transparent pretext, they contrive to have their little palaver about South Africa. Such discussions may not, perhaps, be of much practical avail; but, at all events, they show the Colonists, by whom they are more eagerly studied than by people at home, that the policy of the Ministry concerning South Africa is by no means unanimously accepted in this country. At the same time, the bitterness of criticism is considerably softened by the knowledge that the questions at issue are exceedingly complicated and difficult, and that both the great political parties have blundered over them. The Zulu War, the annexation of the Transvaal, the surrender of the Transvaal, and the restoration of Cetewayo were all mistakes, yet mistakes more or less excusable. It seemed a generous action to restore a dethroned savage potentate; yet the result has been terrible bloodshed and anarchy, nor is the difficulty of solving the Zululand problem lessened if it be true that Cetewayo is, after all, alive. But Zululand is only one of the puzzles of the South African colonial system. There is the Transvaal, with its recovered independence, and with its ideas, which are not exactly those of the Anti-Slavery Society, as to the treatment of "niggers." There is also Basutoland, which the Cape local Government has found such a difficult place to manage, and which Lord Derby has offered to dis-annex; that is, to take back under the control of the Crown. Quite possibly his offer may be rejected, as the Afrikaner party has no wish to give up territory once acquired, and which they hope, later on, they may be allowed to administer after the old high-handed Dutch fashion. The South African problem seems to be as insoluble as the Irish problem, and, for the same reason, the mutual jealousies and antipathies of the several races inhabiting the country. There are the English, the Dutch, and the Blacks. The first are outnumbered by the second, while both these are far outnumbered by the third. The difficulties are still farther complicated by the existence of two independent Boer Republics among the other colonies. If the Blacks could express their feelings by a *plebiscitum*, they would "plump" for the English, being well aware that Dutch supremacy would bring with it, for the Caffre, a condition of virtual slavery.

THE RISING IN SPAIN.—It is a commonplace of Capel Court that, whenever everything seems to be going on quietly in Spain, the wise speculator opens a "bear" account in Spanish securities. Political thunderbolts have such an uncomfortable way of falling out of clear skies in the Iberian Peninsula, that this maxim has held good repeatedly during recent years. But even in Spanish annals it would be difficult to match the abortive military rising at Badajoz in point of surprise. It was known, of course, that the ultra-Republican party were dissatisfied with the course of events. The country was advancing rapidly in progress and prestige; the King showed every disposition to govern in accordance with the Constitution; the national credit had improved immensely; and, although England still kept hold of Gibraltar, those who liked to indulge their imaginations were at perfect liberty to believe in its early restoration to Spain. But all of these material boons appear to have counted for nothing with the Extremist party. They wanted universal

suffrage and political revolution generally; and so the garri-son of Badajoz shouted for Zorrilla, apparently with the idea that the monarchy would crumble to pieces on the instant. As it did not fulfil this expectation, but, on the contrary, made energetic efforts for self-defence, the brave band of patriots crossed the frontier into Portugal, and the latest and most ridiculous of Spanish revolutions came to an end. Unfortunately, history shows that, when once the *pronunciamiento* humour catches the Spanish people, it is apt to break out again and again. There must have been influential intriguers in the background for the Badajoz rising to have been so quietly arranged; and, whoever the wire-pullers were, their abortive effort has succeeded so far as to alarm the public mind. It is something gained, in these cases, even to set people talking about revolution. They gradually become accustomed to the idea; and many, who at first were horrified, eventually came round to the conclusion that some change must really be needed, or these alarms would not take place. Another object aimed at by such conspirators, whether Russian, Spanish, Italian, or Irish, is to provoke the Government to resort to severe and arbitrary measures of repression. Genuine discontent and genuine grievances then come into existence; popular disturbances ensue; ever harsher becomes the Government; until, at last, a general explosion occurs, and philosophical Radicals preach about the folly of regarding force as a remedy. Yet, if force be not used, a monarch so circumstanced has nothing for it but to follow the weak example of the Citizen King of the French by departing *incog.*, and without ceremony, for some foreign land.

THE BUSINESS OF PARLIAMENT.—Like the harvest of our cereal crops, the Parliamentary harvest will almost certainly be below the average. "In the first week of August," says Mr. W. H. Smith, "more than half of the Parliamentary business of the Session remains to be got through, and to be got through in a fashion which would disgrace an assembly of a much lower character." Yet last November Mr. Gladstone kept an unwilling House of Commons for several weary weeks at work manufacturing a cat-o'-nine tails, warranted to flog away all obstructions and delays. The "cat" was made, it was christened *Clôture*, it was hung up in a cupboard *in terrorem*, but no one has as yet ventured to make use of it. So the legislative machine lumbers along as slowly as at any time during the past seven sessions. Is there any remedy for this state of things? We have two suggestions to offer, but neither of them at present are likely to be accepted. One is the establishment of a Parliament on Stephen's Green, Dublin. This would relieve us of some of the most persistent Hibernian time-wasters. The other is that the leading journals should for a twelvemonth combine to "Boycott" the House of Commons by refusing under any pretext whatsoever to publish more than the most meagre summary of their proceedings. Even the Premier would then, perhaps, leave off saying in vague ambiguous language that which he could if he chose say clearly and straightforwardly in half-a-dozen lines; while the policy of *non mi reporto* (i.e., "I don't mean to report you") would act like an "extincteur" on dull orators and frivolous or malicious askers of questions. Pending these reforms, the House might avoid some of the time now wasted by some very simple alterations. If questions, instead of being allowed to take precedence of everything else, were deferred until other work had been finished, it would be more in accordance with the usage of business gatherings elsewhere. Certainly something ought to be done, or the House will fall into contempt. Already people are contrasting its discussions unfavourably with those of the House of Lords. It does certainly seem strange that a Government with a large and subservient majority, and with the additional help of the Grand Committees, should after six months' incessant labour exhibit such a meagre crop of legislation. It is not that the legislation is in itself very urgent and important; it is that the work of the Chamber is done in a slipshod, haphazard fashion; at one time hours are spent in wrangling over trifles, at another important votes are hurried over in a few minutes.

RAILWAY MURDERS.—Since Mr. Matthew Arnold remarked and deplored the "almost bloodthirsty clinging to life" of the British middle classes after the murder of Mr. Briggs, assassinations in railway carriages have become deplorably frequent. Perhaps the crime is even more common on Continental than on English railways, especially on the small bit of line which runs from Monte Carlo to Mentone. Here (according to local legends) the brigands first drug with chloroform, and then plunder and slay Englishmen who have been winning at the tables. On the northern French lines an architect out of luck appears lately to have made railway robberies a branch of his business, which was not flourishing. These crimes are facilitated by the haughtiness and pride of the travelling Briton. Every one of us thinks he should have a railway carriage all to himself and his dignity. Each of us, like the majestic lion and the kingly eagle, brooks no neighbour if he can avoid him. So the highwayman of modern times steps, just as the train leaves, into a compartment tenanted by one child of Albion, waits till the perfidious one falls asleep over his newspaper, and then murders and robs him in his slumbers. Under the American car system there are no railway murders, but there are railway fires, not much more agreeable accidents. The French criminal classes have also invented a new and astute plan. The criminal gets into an

unoccupied car, disguises himself as a ticket collector, walks, as the train is at full speed, into another compartment, stabs the inmates as half asleep they offer their tickets, robs them, returns to his compartment, and assumes the garb of private life.

ISMAIL PASHA AND THE LESSEPS CONCESSION.—Whatever may have been the motive which influenced the Government to republish the despatches forwarded by Sir Henry Elliot and Colonel Stanton to the Foreign Office in 1872, the public have solid reason to welcome the important evidence therein contained. It shows conclusively that the very Egyptian ruler who granted to M. de Lesseps the concession on which he bases his monopolist claims, did not consider the Egyptian Government debarred from making as many maritime canals as they chose. It is true that M. de Lesseps stood up manfully for the contrary theory, and protested in his usual vigorous fashion against any and all rivalry, governmental or private. But Ismail Pasha snapped his fingers contemptuously at the irascible Frenchman, and communicated to Colonel Stanton the broad outlines of a scheme for a second canal from Alexandria to Suez. An English company was to provide the funds—estimated loosely at from four to six millions sterling; and to this body a long lease of the work would be given after completion, the Egyptian Government, however, reserving their proprietary rights. According to Sir Henry Elliot, this project had gone considerably further than Colonel Stanton was aware of, and Ismail Pasha must, therefore, have had substantial reason for regarding the concession as non-operative against himself. Sir Henry Elliot further wrote that he knew of nothing in the Firman of Concession which debarred the Egyptian Government "from permitting other parties from carrying out similar works." It appears, therefore, that the monopolist claim of M. de Lesseps was disputed by competent authorities nearly eleven years ago, and that alone ought to have rendered our Government more cautious in admitting its validity. If Ismail Pasha's view of the reserved rights of his Government could be shown to be in legal accordance with the contract, we should be in a much stronger position for negotiating with M. de Lesseps. And that, we conceive, is the main object sought by the republication of this important correspondence. The less confident the great engineer feels about the impregnability of his position, the more disposed he will be to come to a friendly compromise with England.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE CHOLERA NOTE.—Lord Granville no doubt thought that "his heart was inditing of a good matter" when he took up "the pen of a ready writer," and undertook to instruct Continental journalists on the subject of cholera-contagion. If the French or any other foreign Government had addressed a formal remonstrance to our Foreign Office, Lord Granville would of course have been bound to make a reply; but to put forth an elaborate memorandum in reply to "the irresponsible chatter" of a lot of Continental journalists, was to attribute to these gentlemen a greater importance than they deserve. Besides, they do not really stand in need of conversion. Obstinate officials at Mediterranean seaports may still believe in the sovereign virtues of the *lazzaretto*, but the men who own and edit newspapers are much too well-informed not to know that all the leading medical men of France, Germany, and Italy are practically in accord with the chief scientific authorities of this country as regards the best methods of fighting the cholera. These newspaper gentlemen are not so ignorant as they pretend to be. It is their hearts, not their heads, which have led them astray. They are so bitter against us for having taken Egypt, that they are ready to say anything which will blacken our characters. The accusation—that we knowingly imported a horrible epidemic from Bombay to Egypt—was so monstrous and intrinsically absurd that, if we had kept silence, the wildest Anglophobists would have soon ceased to credit it, but now that our Government has chosen to join in the *mêlée*, they naturally think that the allegations made were not altogether baseless.

AUSTRALASIA AND ENGLAND.—The annexation of New Guinea by Queensland was a surprise for the mother country, and so was the news that the Victorian Government had refused to let the Irish informers land in their colony. In defence of this last proceeding it may be urged that the object of the refusal was to protect these unfortunate wretches from possible assassination, but, at the same time, it cannot be denied that about both these acts there is a savour of defiance and independence which would assuredly not have been exhibited five-and-twenty years ago. Our object in these lines is to indicate an error into which Lord Derby and other influential persons may possibly fall, and which may have disastrous consequences. It is the error to which parents are often liable—that is, they treat the young man or woman of twenty as if they were still the boy or girl of twelve. While the mother-country has been immersed in her own domestic affairs, these southern colonies have been growing—not with the "spurt," perhaps, which was exhibited at the outset of the gold discoveries, but gradually and steadily. There are now the makings of a nation in the five great colonies (including Tasmania) which extend along the eastern and south-eastern shores of the antipodal continent. Already the population of these colonies is greater than the white population of the thirteen colonies which

revolted from George the Third in 1775. *Absit omen!* But we cannot help remembering that our troubles with our American colonists began through the presence of foreign strongholds in their neighbourhood. They fought jointly with us to subdue these strongholds. We thought they ought to pay their share of the cost of the fighting, and, because they declined to pay in the fashion which we suggested, the fatal quarrel took place which ended in separation. Now, the contention of the Australians is that in New Guinea and other adjacent islands the probable establishment of such foreign strongholds should be anticipated by immediate annexation. They claim, and probably justly, to be better judges of the matter than we are. Supposing that we decline to help, and they still insist on effecting the annexation, will not that be an act of independence which will strain to the uttermost the golden chain which links us together? And yet such a contingency is far from impossible.

THE GODIVA PROCESSION.—The citizens of Coventry do well to cherish their ancient faith in Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom. Indeed, if the result were to increase our scanty number of public pageants, we should not be displeased at the celebration of other apocryphal events. Perhaps St. George and the Dragon might be difficult to bring off successfully in the public streets, as the populace would be sure to encore the fight again and again. But Arthur and his knights would present a goodly appearance, and as the ladies of his Court wore—or, at all events, are represented as wearing—decent clothing, their attendance could not be open to the objections advanced by purists against Lady Godiva. It was a certain "Madame Wharton," if we remember rightly, who first performed the part in a skin-tight suit of pink fleshings, but so great was the hubbub that modifications were subsequently introduced. Apart from any question of impropriety, this limited costume is not adapted to our variable climate. Some years ago, an æsthetic Lord Mayor conceived the idea of inaugurating his reign with an allegorical show, including feminine representatives of Britannia, Commerce, Justice, and other well-known characters. It was a bleak, drizzling, wintry day, and all who witnessed the spectacle felt the profoundest pity for the shivering ladies, who, in too classic costumes, played the leading parts. On the other hand, Lady Godiva dressed *à la mode*, with an umbrella or sunshade held over her head, would deprive Peeping Tom of his villainous character. However this difficulty may be got over, the Coventry folks might at all events do something to render their famous pageant less incongruous. On the present occasion, the Fire Brigade figured in the procession, not to mention a number of trade associations, and the general effect was consequently somewhat "mixed." If more care be not taken to preserve the unities, we shall some day have Lady Godiva mounted on a bicycle to represent the present staple industry of the town for whose welfare she performed her embarrassing ride.

EXIT A UNIVERSITY!—In America they often speak, or used to speak, of "running a moist pen through everything, and starting fresh." They have started fresh whole hosts of Universities, from the famous ones, which include Yale, and Harvard, and "John Hopkins," to places of collegiate instruction which eke out a miserable livelihood by selling their degrees. Apparently American Universities are not, all of them, such collections of colleges, museums, libraries, theatres, and halls, as we call Universities at Oxford and Cambridge. They are more "one horse affairs," like the Scotch Universities, which commonly consist of but one college in a big pile of buildings. Therefore we may hear, without ill-mannered scepticism, that a moist pen may now be started through at least one American University's page in the book of history. The University of Indiana, at Bloomington, has been reduced to nothingness in one fell moment by a flash of lightning. Quintus observes that the gods do not spare their own temples. Zeus has blasted the sanctuary of the Muses at Bloomington. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight in Indiana. On the 12th of July the lightning travelled, by way of a telephone wire, into the Museum of Indiana University. The laboratory and library and thousands of stuffed fishes were destroyed in an instant. In Vedic mythology we read that Agni, fire or lightning, has an old quarrel with fishes, which revealed his hiding-place when he concealed himself in the waters. The lightning is now avenged on the fishes—the stuffed fishes of Indiana.

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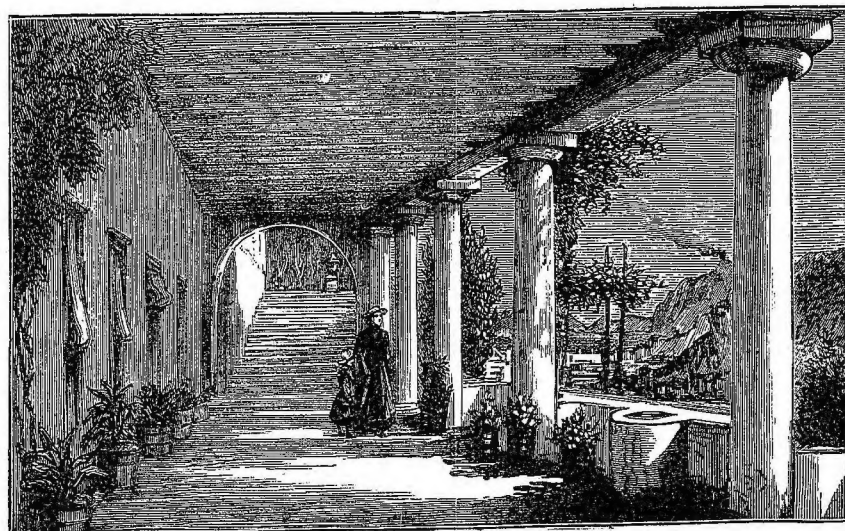
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THE LAST BENEDICTION OVER THE BODY OF THE BISHOP OF CASAMICCIOLA, FOUND AMONG THE RUINS



A TEMPORARY TELEGRAPH STATION AMONG THE RUINS

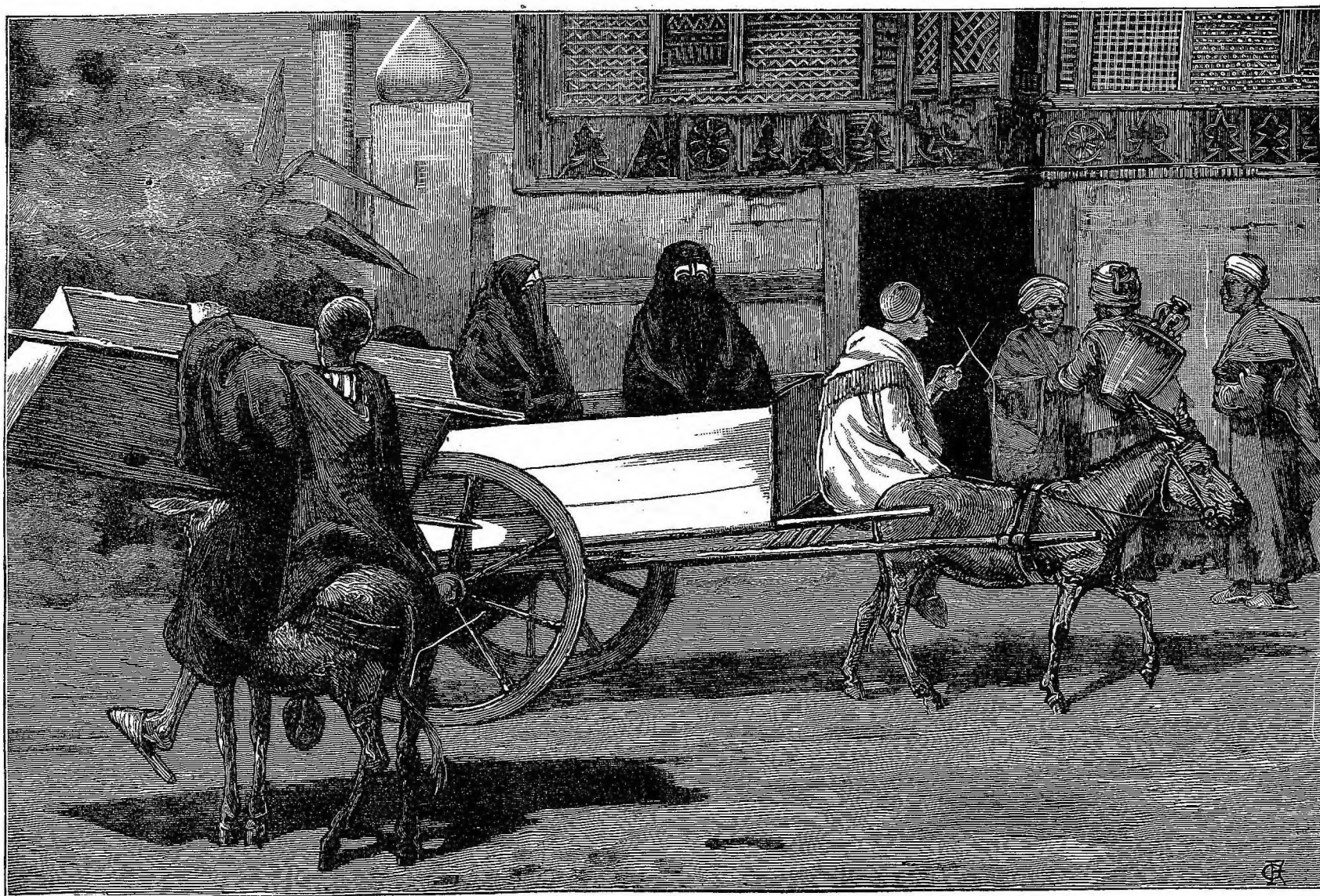


BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE—THE TERRACE OF THE PICCOLA SENTINELLA HOTEL, CASAMICCIOLA

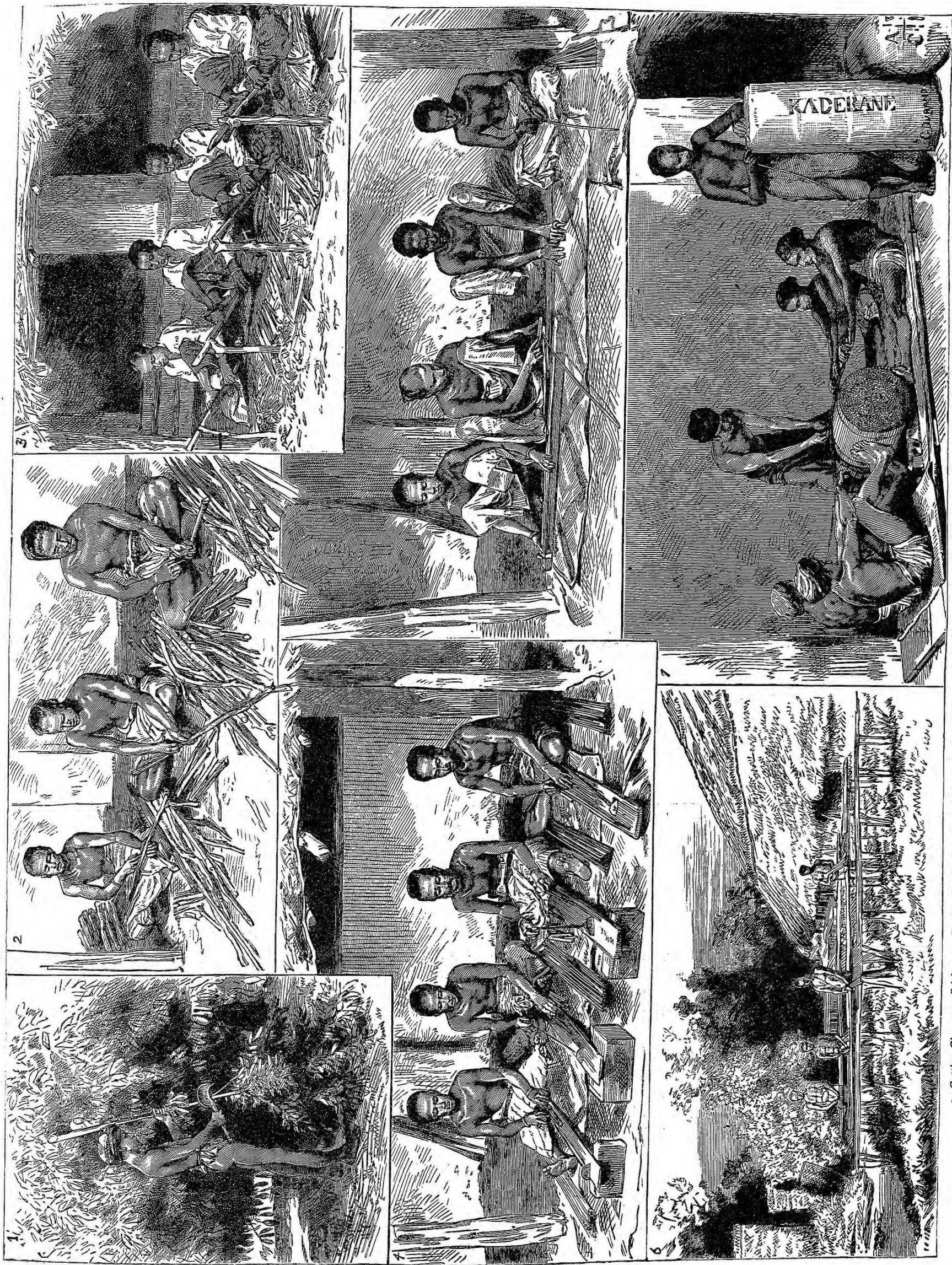


AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE—THE RUINS OF THE PICCOLA SENTINELLA HOTEL, CASAMICCIOLA

THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA



HOW CHOLERA IS SPREAD IN EGYPT—MOURNERS RETURNING FROM A FUNERAL IN THE COFFIN



1. Cutting Cinnamon Sticks.—2. Peeling the Sticks.—3. Stretching the Cinnamon on Boards.—4. Cleaning the Cinnamon on Boards.—5. Cutting the Cinnamon into Lengths.—6. A Cinnamon Drying Ground.—7. Tying the Cinnamon into Bundles for Exportation.

THE PREPARATION OF CINNAMON IN CEYLON

covered with pretty villas and hotels, is absolutely obliterated. It is scarcely possible even for one well acquainted with the place to indicate the lines where the roads, the pleasant walks, the paths through the vineyards once ran." As soon as possible, however, an attempt was made to restore communication, and in a temporary station messages were sent by a clerk who had lost the whole of his family—father, brothers, and uncles, in the catastrophe. The Minister of Public Works and his officials have also been busily at work levelling many tottering walls and erecting wooden huts for the accommodation of the survivors. In Naples harrowing scenes were enacted on the arrival of the wounded, who were at once removed to hospital and carefully tended. King Humbert himself rode about the city inspecting the hospitals and arrangements for the sufferers, to whom he addressed many a word of encouragement, while in all parts of Italy, as, indeed, throughout Europe, bountiful subscription lists have been set on foot for the relief of the sufferers. The total number of killed, it is feared, will fully equal the first estimate of 4,000 victims.—Our engravings are from sketches. Those of "Removing the Wounded" and "The Benediction Over the Bishop," by Mr. A. Garibaldi White; "Arrival of Wounded at Naples," "Temporary Telegraph Office," and "Ruins of the Piccola Sentinella Hotel," by Signor Nicolo Lazzaro; and the "Terrace of the Piccola Sentinella," by Mr. J. C. Harris.

HOW CHOLERA IS SPREAD IN EGYPT

"To any one unacquainted with Orientals," says Captain G. D. Giles, Egyptian Constabulary, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "and with the people of Egypt in particular, the utter recklessness with which people who are in health bring themselves unnecessarily in contact with the disease would be almost incredible; and the wonder is that an epidemic of the kind which is now raging having once started, it should ever cease while there remain people to be destroyed by it. The incident represented in my sketch, and witnessed by two or three officers, is by no means an exaggerated case exemplifying this."

"A funeral has taken place. The shell used for conveying the body to the grave—a large, open coffin-shaped box, furnished with handles, has been put on to a donkey-cart, and the hired mourners have availed themselves of it as a conveyance. No process of fumigation has been gone through, and these people are actually sitting in the place where, a few moments before, the corpse has rested."

"A similar shell is being carried by a man on a donkey. These pass through the streets; no notice is taken of them, and the people who, if cholera be a contagious disease, must have become impregnated with it, mingle with the densely-crowded population of a filthy native quarter."

CINNAMON CULTURE IN CEYLON

See page 146.

A GROUP OF FAMOUS CRICKETERS

It was anticipated that, after the abnormal excitement of last cricket season, the present would be a somewhat dull one; but this has not

shire to a high position of cricket fame; Mr. C. I. Thornton, who has lost but little, if any, of his grand hitting powers; Mr. W. F. Forbes, once the captain of the Eton Eleven, and now foremost among the "Yorkshire Gentlemen"—an excellent bowler, as his recent performance on the side of the Gentlemen against the Players at the Oval testified; Mr. H. Rotherham, who also distinguished himself in the same line and on the same occasion, and is a tower of strength to the Uppingham Rovers; and last, but not least, the Hon. A. Lyttelton, who when in practice is probably the best wicket-keeper in the world after Blackham the Australian. Among professional players unfortunately there are not represented such well-known and first-class hands as Watson, a most effective trundler for Lancashire; Sherwin, the Notts wicket-keeper; Harrison, the fast Yorkshire bowler; Pooley, the veteran Surrey wicket-keeper; and some others, who have shown themselves excellent performers in their respective lines during the present season.

Still we may venture to assert that the cricketers we have produced are all first-class representatives of our national pastime, and well known to all critical frequenters of the cricket field. Foremost still as an "all-round" cricketer among the Gentlemen stands W. G. Grace, whose doughty deeds on the field of green cloth will be long remembered after he has retired from it. He may have shown some little falling-off—and who does not after long years of service?—in his batting powers during the present season, and he has recently deposited an unusual number of "duck's eggs;" but still as a batter, bowler, and fielder combined, as well as the most zealous and unflagging player under all circumstances, he has yet no equal. Perhaps the best bat now in England is Mr. A. P. Lucas, the most eminent cricketer that Uppingham has ever produced. He was in the Cambridge Eleven, and having recently forsaken Surrey, his "old love," he is now on with his new one, Middlesex, in which county he was born, and for which he has played with great success this season. Lord Harris is one of the representatives of the aristocracy in the cricket field. He hails from Eton and Oxford, and now "captains" Kent. He is a splendid bat, and a sure and indefatigable field. The Hon. M. B. Hawke is another aristocratic cricketer, of Eton and Cambridge fame, and now fills the post of captain for Yorkshire. Another Honourable is Ivo Bligh, a slashing bat when in the humour, and excellent field. He also won his spurs at Eton and Cambridge, and now does yeoman's service for Kent. Mr. I. D. Walker, a veteran of a cricketing family, still shows perpetual youth in the cricket field, and makes excellent average scores for the Metropolitan County. As a "mid off" in the field he has not his fellow. Another Middlesex first-class, but rather uncertain bat, is Mr. C. F. H. Leslie. Rugby and Oxford once had his services. Another Middlesex cricketer worthy is Mr. A. J. Webbe. Batting is his forte, though he does not always "come off." He has worn the dark blue ribbons of Harrow and Oxford. Then come the three brothers Studd, whom also Middlesex utilises to her advantage. C. T., formerly at Eton, and the Cambridge captain this year, pre-eminently a first-class batsman, and one of the few really good amateur bowlers; G. B., Etonian, and captain of Cambridge last year, a capital bat; and J. E. K., Etonian, and probable Cambridge captain next year, also a capital bat. And yet another Studd, A. H., is

long played for Lancashire. He is a dashing bat, and incomparable as an "off" field. The remaining two cricketers in our group are "Reverend gentlemen;" the one is Mr. F. F. J. Greenfield, an old Hurstpierpoint boy, and afterwards at Cambridge, and now a good bat in the Sussex Eleven; and the other Mr. V. F. Royle, formerly in the Oxford Eleven. He is now one of the masters of Elstree School, which has long kept up a succession of cricketing masters. He plays for Lancashire when he can.

Even the above brief notice of our representative amateurs has run away with our space. The professionals must not take it as a bad compliment if our notice of them is still briefer. G. Ulyett (Yorkshire) may fairly be said to stand at the head of them as an all-round cricketer, for he is not only the best professional bat we have, but a very good bowler, and exceptionally fine field. He has been in good form for the ten past years. Yorkshire also claims R. Pilling, the best professional wicket-keeper; W. Bates, a first-rate batsman and good slow bowler; E. Lockwood, a veteran and most reliable bat for the last fifteen years; T. Emmett, once one of the fastest bowlers of the day, but now specially good with the bat; and E. Peate, a first-class slow bowler, and best on a "slow" wicket; and Crossland. Five Notts men appear in our engraving; F. Morley, a reliable bowler, but recently a little "off" owing to bad health; W. Barnes, a good change bowler with round high delivery, who has been in splendid form with his bat this season; A. Shrewsbury, who ranks perhaps as a batsman second only to Ulyett, and has never batted better than during this year; W. Flowers, a capital all-round man; and A. Shaw, a veteran of nearly twenty seasons, and still the most famous bowler in England. His delivery is right-hand slow round. J. Hide is a good fast bowler and all-round man. Some little time ago he returned from a cricket engagement at Adelaide, and now plays for Sussex. R. G. Barlow (Lancashire) is considered by many good judges as really the best man in England, taking all the departments of the game together; and J. Crossland is one of Lancashire's most reliable bowlers. G. G. Hearne (Kent) is a good fast left-hand bowler, and seems developing as a first-class bat. E. Barrett (Surrey) is a first-class slow bowler; and the most rising Surrey batsman is M. Read, though perhaps we should say he has risen. Gloucestershire professionals are represented by W. A. Woof, one of the most improved bowlers of the day; and those of Derbyshire by its trusted bowler, W. Mycroft.

J. J. M.

Our engravings are from photographs: those of Messrs. E. Lockwood, I. D. Walker, G. Ulyett, W. Bates, M. Read, and E. Barratt by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Messrs. C. T. Studd, W. G. Grace, and W. H. Patterson by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Chancery; Messrs. G. B. Studd, C. F. H. Leslie, W. W. Read, A. G. Steel, and E. F. S. Tylecote by Bardwell, 21, Collins Street East, Melbourne; Messrs. R. Pilling, R. G. Barlow, A. Shaw, and A. Shrewsbury by Boyd, 250, George Street, Sydney; Messrs. M. C. Kemp and J. E. K. Studd by Hills and Saunders, Oxford and Cambridge; Mr. A. N. Hornby by Stillard and Co., Oxford; W. A. Woof and G. G. Hearne by F. Briggs and Son, High Street, St. John's Wood; Mr. A. W. Ridley by John Edwards, 1, Park Side, Hyde Park Corner; Rev. F. F. J. Greenfield by T. Donovan and Co., St. James's Street, Brighton; J. Hide by Rushton and Just, 150, Rundle Street, Adelaide; Rev. V. F. Royle by J. Ingham, Sale, near Manchester; Hon. Ivo Bligh by Foster and Martin, 29, Collins Street, East Melbourne; Mr. A. J. Webbe by C. H. Manning, Adelaide; Lord Harris by Taber, 8, Montgomery Street, San Francisco; E. Peate by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Regent Street; Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell by Barraud, 96, Gloucester Place, W.; Mr. L. C. Docker by H. J. Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. A. P. Lucas by T. Fall, 10, Baker Street, W.; Mr. J. Shuter by E. Cox and Co., 11, Bedford Circus, Exeter; Hon. M. B. Hawke by Window and Grove, 63, Baker Street, W.—W. Barnes and F. Morley; W. Mycroft; and J. Crossland are from photographs kindly lent to us by the editor of *The Sportsman*, Mr. Reeder, of Lord's Cricket Ground, and Mr. C. F. Pardon, of 112, Fleet Street, respectively.

OUR ARTIST IN WALES. I.—A SALE OF LIVE STOCK IN ANGLESEY

(ARWERTHIAN GWARTHEG DUON YN MÔN)

IN Dickson's "Improved Live Stock and Cattle Management," published in 1824, the breed of Black Welsh Cattle obtains very little commendation. But of late animals of the breed have reached extraordinary prices. I attended a sale of these cattle by Messrs. Dew and Son, auctioneers, Bangor, at an out-of-the-way place near Holyhead, in the hope that it might attract some aborigines, with some remains of character and costume.

But though there was a goodly crowd of country folks, the ladies did not appear in high wicker hats, and the gentlemen, even of the homelier sort, did not much differ from ordinary Anglo-Saxons.

Here and there was a brown coat that looked as if made at home of homespun, and a figure like a Swiss guide's, but for the most part, coats, boots, hats, and everything came from some English manufacturing town.

Still, so I was told, there lingered amongst them a deep-rooted prejudice against methods of farming and improved machinery.

The cattle belonged to a gentleman who had attempted to "astonish the natives" by farming according to the most advanced modern system. He had not met with a hearty reception, and was moving to a more congenial clime. He was sad enough, no doubt—an artist had painted him a picture, with portraits of the most beautiful of the cattle he was to lose.

But his guests, come to buy him up, came also to eat and drink him up, and to spend a happy day.

A dapper groom was filling glasses continually from great cans of beer. Beer opens the strings of our pockets. The cattle are lugged sorely against their will into an enclosure. The auctioneers command it from a raised platform. They speak alternately in Welsh and English, for the people still cling to the language, though not to the dress of their fathers.

At the back of the auctioneers was a large boarding covered with the prizes the cattle had won.

Before they were sold other stock had to be disposed of. The junior auctioneer has to move from lot to lot, and he is provided with a moveable platform, in the shape of a wheelbarrow, wheeled before him by an Ancient Briton.

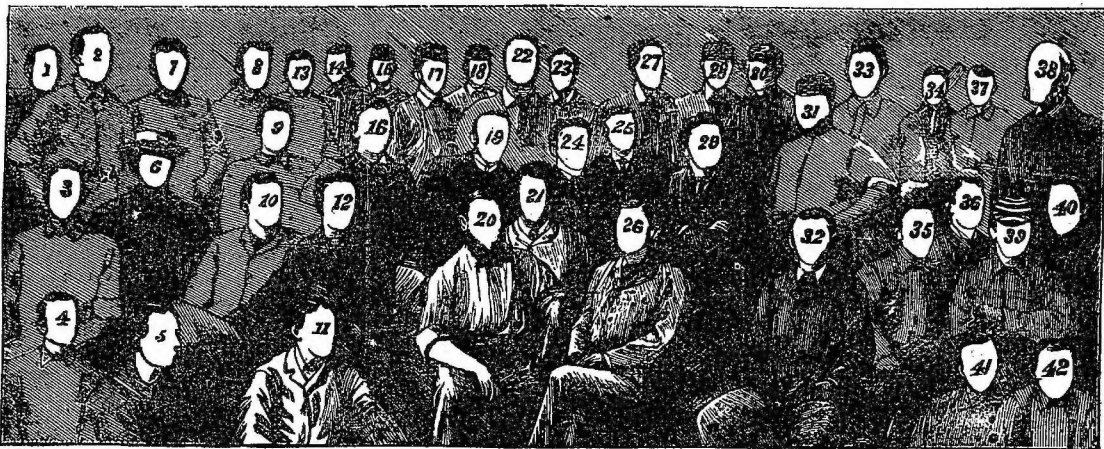
When he sold the pigs, which lived in perfect palaces of pig-styes, he mounted the party wall and "knocked down" with easy grace pigs that seemed too fat even to stand up.

One lot was more unwilling to change masters than even the cattle—I mean a flock of geese. They hissed both auctioneer and buyers, and Mr. Dew, jun., who valued his own Welsh calves higher than any lot in the catalogue, retired backwards up a stable-ladder, and so was himself "put up" by the geese.

ROMAN BATHS AT BATH.

"THE Roman Baths at Bath," says Mr. C. E. Davis, of 55, Great Pulteney Street, Bath, in a letter addressed to the *Times*, "that have during the last five years been partially exposed to view, are the most remarkable relics of the occupation of Britain by the Romans hitherto discovered."

"The hot springs themselves were found to be protected by an octagonal wall built of massive blocks of stone, and cased on the inside with lead of an average weight of 38 lbs. to the foot (exceeding half an inch thick). A great deal of this lead had been broken



1.—E. Barratt
2.—A. W. Ridley
3.—W. H. Patterson
4.—M. Read
5.—Rev. F. F. J. Greenfield
6.—E. F. S. Tylecote
7.—W. Bates
8.—J. Hide
9.—G. Ulyett
10.—A. G. Steel

11.—W. W. Read
12.—Rev. V. F. Royle
13.—J. Crossland
14.—R. Pilling
15.—W. Flowers
16.—C. F. H. Leslie
17.—W. A. Woof
18.—G. G. Hearne
19.—Hon. M. B. Hawke
20.—W. G. Grace
21.—Hon. Ivo Bligh

22.—W. Mycroft
23.—R. G. Barlow
24.—A. J. Webbe
25.—I. D. Walker
26.—Lord Harris
27.—E. Lockwood
28.—T. Emmett
29.—C. T. Studd
30.—A. Shrewsbury
31.—A. Shaw
32.—A. N. Hornby

33.—E. Peate
34.—F. Morley
35.—J. E. K. Studd
36.—G. B. Studd
37.—W. Barnes
38.—R. A. H. Mitchell
39.—L. C. Docker
40.—M. C. Kemp
41.—A. P. Lucas
42.—J. Shuter

KEY-BLOCK TO THE PORTRAIT GROUP

been the case. Though the summer has not been altogether genial, it has been admirably adapted for cricket, and for the last ten years players have not known such a succession of hard grounds throughout the country. Hence the scores made have been unusually large, and our cricketers have shown that there is no dearth of hard hitters. The first-class matches, including the Inter-county contests, and especially the annual encounters between the Gentlemen and Players, have been exceedingly interesting, and the large number of spectators which have attended them shows that there is no diminution of interest in the game, but rather the contrary.

The interest in cricket is likely to be augmented by the fact that the Marylebone Club, the standing cricket authority, has just published a draft revision of the laws of the game, and invited not only home clubs but cricketers all over the world to give their opinion on the proposed changes and modifications they suggest. This will afford topics of discussion among players and all lovers of the game throughout the autumn and even winter months; and the probable adoption of the revised code will impart a fresh interest to the next season. And interest in the game implies progress; for though cricket has for many years assumed the form of an accurate science, there is no finality in it. It is all very well to talk of the wonders performed on the green sward by cricketers of past generations, and from one point of view we may reverence the *laudatores temporis acti*, as they recall the memories of famous batsmen, bowlers, and fielders of other days; but certain it is that even the giants of the past who handled so efficiently the "willow" and the "leather" would fare but ill if they could meet in combat the present exponents of the game in this so-called degenerate age.

To be assured of this, we have only to glance at such a group of representative cricketers, amateurs and professionals, as that we put before our readers to-day. We much regret that—owing to the difficulty in procuring photographs, and other causes—some first-class players have no place in it. Notably, there are absent Dr. E. M. Grace, the "Original" Grace, who, though he may almost be called a veteran, has this year been batting in the best form he displayed many years ago, when he made his name a household word among cricketers, and helped to raise Gloucester-

on the road to higher promotion, having served efficiently in the Eton Eleven this year. Thus cricketing seems to "run in families," as in the Pickering family of a past generation, and as now in those of the Graces, the Walkers, the Kemps, and others. Mr. A. W. Ridley, an excellent bat, and once utilised for his "lob" bowling, is yet another of the Middle Saxons' team. Eton and Oxford claim him as a cricket *alumnus*. Another Eton and Oxford cricketer is Mr. R. A. Mitchell, an Eton master, and cricket "coach" to the "boys," perhaps the best batsman that even played for Oxford. Though in the veteran ranks, he has not yet lost his cunning, as the Canterbury Week scores for many years past and this week bear evidence. Harrow and Oxford claim the cricket parentage of Mr. W. H. Patterson, who has done good service for Kent as a steady and reliable bat. Another Kent amateur is Mr. M. C. Kemp, who was a phenomenal wicket-keeper as a Harrow boy, but since then at Oxford has hardly made the advance expected of him in that particular line, though he is distinctly first-rate behind the sticks. He is a good and improving bat. E. F. S. Tylecote, from Harrow and Oxford cricket grounds, now one of the tutors at the Woolwich Academy, also plays for Kent. He is a first-class wicket-keeper; and his batting this year has been of the highest order, as witnesses among his many good performances that against the Players, when he marked his "century." Mr. A. G. Steel, the best man that excellent school of cricket, Marlborough, ever produced, did good work for the Cambridge Eleven, of which he was captain in 1880. He plays for Lancashire, and as a batsman, bowler, and all-round cricketer is distinctly one of those at the top of the tree. Mr. W. W. Read is a comparatively recent acquisition to Surrey, and his has been, perhaps, the most remarkable success among amateurs with the bat this season. He is also a splendid field. Mr. J. (famously "Jack") Shuter, an old Winchester boy, is one of our best batsmen, and Surrey is fortunate in having his services. Mr. L. C. Docker plays for Derbyshire, and though an excellent bat has not developed in that line as fully as was anticipated two years ago. One of the best known and most popular of our amateurs is Mr. A. N. Hornby. He came out as a cricketer when a mere boy at Harrow, and has

down by the falling in of the columns and roofs; indeed the whole area of the springs was filled in with Roman tiles and masonry, sand, and organic remains, on which rested the medieval floor of the bath known as the King's Bath. Excavations have been made beneath the Pump Room opening out the Roman drains, which are now again utilised; these run among masonry of almost Cyclopean character, which circumstances, pecuniary and otherwise, have rendered it impossible thoroughly to explore.

"The greatest discovery has been that of a large bath 81 ft. in length, by 38 ft. 10 in. in width, with steps complete on its four sides, floored with blocks of masonry, on which still remains the original coating of lead. This bath was supplied by the hot mineral water, and had a hatch or sluice of bronze (now deposited in the Pump Room) for conveniently emptying it. The bath is in the centre of a large hall with *schola* all round, in length (it is anticipated) 110 ft., by an ascertained width of 68 ft. 6 in. The excavation of this great hall is now in progress, large buildings having been acquired and removed for that purpose.

"The hall consists of three aisles, the centre being the width of the bath, vaulted by a barrel vault. This vault sprang from an arcade of clustered pilasters, giving seven arches on either side. The pilasters, 2 ft. in diameter, of solid block, stand on Attic bases and plain pedestals, the side aisles or *schola* were arched and groined, with attached pilasters along the walls, and three recesses (*exedrae* or *stibadia*) 15 ft. wide, on each side of the hall, two being semicircular, and the third and central square. In the centre bay of the northern arcade is a defaced piece of sculpture, through which ran the water. Underneath the sculpture is a recess in the steps, marking the position of a large sarcophagus (now lost), into which the water was first poured, and so overflowed into the bath. The entrance to the great bath is at the western end, by a doorway from the large hall.

"During the last twelve months the Bath Antiquities Committee have been continuing the excavations commenced by the Corporation, liberally assisted by the Society of Antiquaries and private subscribers; but, unless further funds are forthcoming, this truly great and almost national work will have to be discontinued, and the undiscovered buildings remain for a future generation to explore."—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Aug. P. Perren, 37, Milsom Street, Bath.

ERUPTION NEAR BATAVIA, JAVA

On Sunday, May 20th, the inhabitants of Batavia, the capital of the beautiful island of Java, were startled by the noise of what seemed to be a cannonade to the westward. The noise gradually increased, becoming towards noon a tremendous resonant booming. Next day the vibration was at its height and great alarm was felt; the roar was continuous and deafening, and the rattling of doors and windows very severe. By Wednesday, the 23rd May, the noise and vibration had nearly, if not quite ceased. On that evening, passing ships reported to Anjer, at the entrance of the Straits of Sunda, that great volcanic disturbances had been observed on the island of Krakatau, situated at the mouth of the Straits, about midway between Java and Sumatra. The day following the Dutch steamer *Conrad* was detained several hours, steaming through miles of mud and pumice stone, while the whole sky, for leagues out at sea, was darkened by the dense smoke issuing from the crater. The forces working underground having thus at last found a vent, the noises which produced such alarm in Batavia had ceased. The scene was one of remarkable grandeur and novelty. At night the sky was lighted by the flames which shot up from the crater, during the day a dense smoke-cloud hung in the air, while the pumice-strewn sea added to the wonder of the scene. A steamer was chartered from Batavia for the express purpose of enabling people to see this remarkable sight. Krakatau has not before been active since 1680, when an almost similar eruption took place. Greater volcanic energy is manifested in this part of the world than anywhere else. Java alone contains forty-five active and non-active volcanoes. For the foregoing description (which we have been obliged to condense from a highly interesting narrative), and for the photographs depicted in our engraving we are indebted to Mr. H. J. C. A. Keuchenius, of the University of Leyden, and Member of the Batavia Bar.

"IN THE TOILS"

The costumes of the performers may be varied from generation to generation, but the essentials of the scene here depicted are constantly being acted. There were money-lenders and spendthrifts before boots and buckskins came into fashion; and they equally abound in the days of shoes and gaiters, and they will be found as long as the human race exists. These undesirable facts do not lessen—they heighten—the pathos of the picture, because the incident depicted comes just as much at home to us as it would have done to the bygone people who were dressed as the characters here are dressed. The young fellow is miserable, for he sees his patrimony rapidly melting away; he knows that he is enmeshed, and he hates the tempter who lends him the pen which will sign, as it were, his pecuniary death-warrant; nevertheless, he sees no way of escape, and will, in all probability, continue in the downward path—remorse and extravagance alternating with each other—till he has parted with every penny. There is just a chance that he may then turn over a new leaf, and begin a life of industry and self-denial, but such cases are very rare.

"TRAGEDY"

The present is an impatient and easily-bored age. We are, as compared with our forefathers, so abundantly supplied with literature of all sorts that it is extremely doubtful whether there is any man in England, unless already in possession of a marketable dramatic reputation, who would be able to get three friends together, and persuade them from purely disinterested motives to listen while he read aloud a tragedy of his own composition. He might secure a single victim, possibly two, but we scarcely think he could throw his net over three. In the eighteenth century men had more leisure and less literature, but even then, as Mr. Joseph Nash shows us, they were not good listeners. One gentleman has had the audacity to go to sleep; another is staring stolidly at the reader, and is probably thinking of anything rather than of the tragedy; the third with a pipe—he is rather like Mr. Gibbon, the historian—seems to be really attending, and will probably avenge himself for his sufferings by some scathing criticisms.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Norris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 149.

PETRUS VAN TOL

AN extraordinary sensation (says the *Times*) was caused on May 10th, during the sale of Dr. Griffiths's collection of old prints at Messrs. Sotheby's Rooms, by the appearance of the almost unique "first state" of Rembrandt's portrait of Dr. Arnoldus Tholinx, otherwise called "The Advocate Tolling," or "Petrus Van Tol." This copy is one of four or five known impressions, of which three are in public museums; and it has a history which is well known to all Rembrandt collectors. The previous lot had sold for 33*l.*; but, when the Tholinx came on, the auctioneer at once offered to begin the bidding at 500*l.* The challenge was accepted by Messrs. Colnaghi, and between them and M. Clément, of Paris, the contest was continued up to about 800*l.* Then the former competitors retired, and their place was taken by Mr. Nosedá, who fought the Frenchman step by step till 1,100*l.* was reached, the excitement in the room being shown by repeated cheers. At last Mr. Nosedá

withdrew; and to the gratification of all present, the battle was taken up by Mr. Addington, the veteran collector, who, amid applause, bid 1,200*l.*, and so on up to 1,500*l.* At this point even he was beaten, and the French dealer carried off the treasure at the price of 1,510*l.*, which is 230*l.* more than has ever been paid for a print before. It is understood that M. Clément was buying for M. Dutuit, the celebrated Rouen amateur, and the author of the best existing book on old prints and etchings; who is, moreover, the owner of the print that had previously been the highest priced in existence, the "first state" of the "Hundred Guilder Piece," for which he paid 1,180*l.* some years ago. It may be added that Dr. Griffiths's splendid impression of the "second state" of that print sold on May 10th for 305*l.*, his "Landscape with a Tower" (on India paper) for 308*l.*, and his "Burgomaster Six" for 505*l.*—all extraordinary prices.

ATTACKED BY AN OSTRICH

THE ostrich farms or camps, which are now common at the Cape, are well worthy of a visit. The rearing, the feather-rooms, the management, the peculiar gait, and queer movements of these birds cannot fail to interest most people. But they are not quite such safe creatures to visit as a flock of sheep or goats.

One day a new arrival was killing time by taking an afternoon stroll, during which he crossed an ostrich camp. Observing a group of ostriches, and being curious to inspect them closer (he was rather short-sighted), he went towards them. Suddenly, to his alarm and amazement, a fine cock bird attacked him with all its strength of legs and wings. The ostrich always kicks, or rather scratches, forward. The gentleman was thrown down, and luckily did not try to get up again, or the consequences might have been fatal. All he could do was to cry for help, which soon arrived in the person of the farmer, who, with a pronged stick, boldly confronted the bird, and succeeded in pinning it by the neck. This placed him in possession of the head, which renders the creature almost powerless.

Sometimes ostriches will jump on a man when he is down. Not long since a man had two ribs broken in this way, and only avoided further injury by catching hold of the bird's legs. In the case depicted in our engraving, the victim escaped with a torn suit of clothes.

Experienced colonists are wary in passing through an ostrich camp, knowing that the birds are very excitable, and especially wild when sitting.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Hoff Street, Cape Town.

THE JEWISH TRIAL IN HUNGARY

See page 154



THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY, notwithstanding some absence of sunshine, passed off merrily in town and country, a special feature being the marked increase in the holiday traffic on the chief railway lines in consequence of the growing disposition to utilise this season of the year for excursions beyond the suburbs, to the seaside, or even for a day or two on the Continent. No fewer than 55,863 persons visited the Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, the Crystal Palace and Hampton Court drew each some 50,000, while 102,000 left London by the Great Eastern, chiefly for Epping Forest. The crowds, as a rule, were very orderly, and the police charges on Tuesday few and unimportant. At Coventry the day was signalled by the revival of the pageant of the Lady Godiva on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. City guards, in genuine suits of mail from the old city armoury, led the van, followed by the representatives of the various trades on richly decorated cars, the printers in the place of honour, and after them the other Companies, from the bakers, who claim an antiquity of 500 years, to Coventry's youngest and most thriving trade, the bicycle makers. Then came Miss Maude Forrester as the Lady Godiva on a grey steed, and last of all a gorgeous pageant of historical and local worthies, the rear being closed by a group of miners. The procession was nearly two miles long, and was witnessed by a crowd of visitors, including many from the other side of the Atlantic. A few regrettable accidents in various places have been the only spots upon the general brightness of the holiday time. At Skegness, a rising Lincolnshire watering-place, some nine or ten, according to one account, out of a party of fifteen lost their lives through the capsizing of the over-crowded little boat which was taking them on board an excursion steamer; at York a man named Nicholson was drowned on Monday in the Ouse; and at Cambridge, where a local regatta was going on, the iron ferry boat at Ditton Corner was overturned by the weight of forty or fifty passengers, one of whom, a Mr. Langford, a clerk to a business firm in the town, died next day from the effects of the immersion, while several were only restored to animation with the utmost difficulty.

MANY THOUSANDS OF STAUNCH RADICALS resisted every temptation to frivolous festivity in order to support by their presence in Trafalgar Square Mr. Bradlaugh's claims to take his seat in Parliament. The meeting, at which many delegates from the provinces were present, was extremely orderly and earnest, and the mischievous element, conspicuous on a previous occasion, was this time sternly excluded. Resolutions demanding the dissolution "of a House which has trampled under foot the free suffrages of a law-abiding constituency" were carried unanimously, and it was further decided that copies of them should be transmitted to the Queen, the Prime Minister, and the Speaker. No attempt to force a passage into the House seems any longer to be contemplated.

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS were entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Wednesday. Mr. Gladstone, in replying to the toast of their health, declared that he had gone to Egypt with no selfish object, but to perform a great work, and that when it was accomplished we should disappear from the country. We must beware, however, lest in our desire to accelerate the performance of our work we should spoil it.

THE THOUSAND VISITORS from the London Working Men's Club entertained on Monday by Sir Thomas Brassey at Normanhurst Court, Battle, received the altogether unprecedented honour of an address from the new Ambassador of France on the political relations between the two countries. Mr. Waddington "wished them all to know that his mission here was one of peace and goodwill." He "felt certain that the English Government and people would support him in maintaining that peace which was essential to the well-being of the two great Western Powers of Europe."

MR. PARNELL has declined a pressing summons to visit the United States until after the election of the next Parliament. His next move, it is said, will be the establishment of National League Committees in each of the thirty-two Irish counties. The registration of voters and the selection of Nationalist candidates for all vacancies in the Parliamentary or local representation of the country will be among the chief tasks of the new Committees.—The new writ for County Sligo was issued on Tuesday. Mr. Nicholas Lynch, the Parnellite candidate, has received the support of the Roman Catholic Bishops, and will not improbably walk over the course. Among the other possible candidates are the O'Connor Don and Dr. Lavin (L), and Mr. P. R. O'Hara, jun., of Annamore (C).—The Rev. Isaac Nelson is understood only to retain his seat for Mayo until Mr. Parnell has chosen a suc-

cessor.—Fox, Durkin, and Conolly, the three men found guilty of the manslaughter of the lad Gibbons, herd and assistant keeper on Lord Ardilaun's estate, have been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. As usual, the criminals declared defiantly that the witnesses against them had committed perjury.—Poole, the alleged murderer of Kenny, has at last been committed for trial. Mrs. Kenny, who has arrived from America, deposes that he visited her house on the night of the murder, and that he and Kenny went away together.—Another assault has been committed on the carman Noud, one of the witnesses in the Phoenix Park trials, and the girl Carol, whose evidence was so important in the case of the attack on Mr. Field, was burnt in effigy last week, together with James Carey, and, though personally unassailed, is "boycotted" by many of her old acquaintances. The alleged murder of the witness Mottley, in Philadelphia, turns out to be a *canard*, but the impossibility of landing Kavanagh and his fellow-passengers in Australia has given extreme satisfaction to the Nationalists.—Mr. Davitt has been elected a member of the National League. The receipts since the last fortnightly meeting were reported to be 1,107*l.*—In Liverpool, a gentlemanly-looking man, who gave the name of M'Dermott, has been remanded for seven days, on a charge of conspiring to murder public officials in Ireland and Liverpool. Letters from Rossa and James Stephens were found in his possession, and he is said to have been seen in company with O'Herlihy and Featherstone. The arrest was effected before he landed.—Some consternation was caused last week, in Fifehire, by the discovery of a tin box, charged with a quarter of a pound of dynamite, which had been lying for a week beneath a window, in the factory of Messrs. Honeyman and Co., of Cupar. The fuse had been lighted, but there had been no explosion. The box is similar to that which was found outside the *Times* office, in Printing House Square.—The trial of the Liverpool Fenians, Deasy, O'Herlihy, Featherstone, Flanagan, and Dalton, *alias* O'Connor, for treason-felony, had not concluded on Thursday morning. Mr. Justice Stephen ruled that the evidence against O'Herlihy was not strong enough to convict, so he was discharged, though he may still be proceeded against on a minor count.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF MR. HUGH SHIELD, Q.C., on the Sunderland disaster agrees in the main with the conclusions of the jury, the evidence of the children not seeming sufficiently reliable to fix the blame upon the man Hesselstine. The use of bolts, made of the strongest description of iron work, to close the doors leading to the gallery by simply falling into their sockets is strongly condemned, and a strong opinion is expressed that up to the accident no one connected with the entertainment thought of anything but the collection of the money.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION commenced at Shoeburyness on Monday. The total number under canvas, officers and men, is nearly 1,200.

THE IRON WORKERS' STRIKE IN STAFFORDSHIRE has now been terminated by the consent of the men in the West Bromwich district to resume work at the reduction. They complain that they were deceived by their late advisers.—At Hull the fishermen threaten to strike work unless smack owners consent to some modification in the present system of "boxing and fleeing," by which many lives are lost each winter, and the fishers often kept at sea for three or four months at a stretch. A strike on the same grounds two or three years ago ended, after an obstinate struggle, in the victory of the smack-owners.

THE PARCELS POST continues to work well as the new hands drop into their places, though complaints are still heard of the refusal of the Office to give any acknowledgment of the receipt of parcels. Small coffins are now frequently transmitted in this way, and leeches, sometimes so ill-secured that the other day a number found their way out, and ripe fruit, which, however carefully packed, cannot but sustain injury itself and inflict injury on all the surrounding parcels. On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone received by post a present of a young tree, intended possibly as a harmless pleasantry.

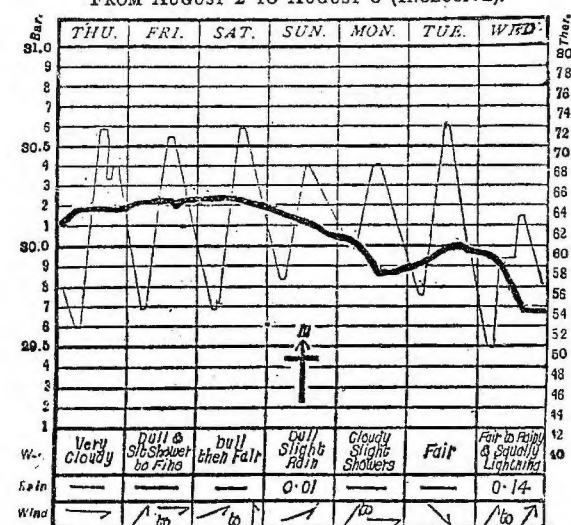
THE ARBITRATORS in the case of the new College for North Wales have reduced the number of competing towns to six—Bala, Bangor, Carnarvon, Conway, Denbigh, Wrexham. The arbitrators do not think it necessary that any of the six should be represented by counsel. The subscriptions in aid of the Government grant amount to 30,000*l.*

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BALLOON VOYAGES on record was accomplished last week by Sir Claude de Crespigny and the well-known aeronaut Mr. A. Simmons across the German Ocean from Maldon, in Essex, to Flushing. The maximum height obtained was 17,000 feet, where the air was piercingly cold. The 140 miles of sea were traversed in six hours.

AMONG RECENT DEATHS we find the names of Sir John Rivett-Carnac, æt. sixty-five, M.P. for Lymington from 1852 to 1860, and Mr. James Crossley, æt. eighty-three, the well-known Manchester antiquary and book-collector.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM AUGUST 2 TO AUGUST 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has shown little improvement on that experienced for some past weeks. The sky has been generally cloudy, and although there has been little rainfall in the neighbourhood of London, a considerable quantity has fallen in some places, accompanied by thunderstorms over the north-eastern districts. Pressure has been higher than of late, and the daily change very small. The highest readings have been found on most days over France and the southern districts of England, and the lowest off our north-west coasts and the south of Sweden. The wind has varied from points between south-west and north-west, and has been light or moderate in force, except during the night of Tuesday (7th inst.), when a rather deep depression appeared off the west of Scotland, and the wind rose quickly, blowing very strongly on nearly all coasts. Temperature has been below the average all the week. The barometer was highest (30.25 inches) on Saturday (5th inst.); lowest (29.67 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 0.58 inches. Temperature was highest (72°) on Thursday (2nd inst.), Saturday (4th inst.), and Tuesday (7th inst.); lowest (50°) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 22°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.15 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.14 inch, on Wednesday (8th inst.).



SOME FAMOUS LIVING CRICKETERS--A PORTRAIT GROUP

SEE KEY-BLOCK, PAGE 133



At last the tide seems to have turned in EGYPT, for the cholera outbreak shows decided signs of decrease. With the exception of a few places in Upper Egypt, the mortality is steadily diminishing throughout the country, particularly at Cairo, where the deaths fell to 70 on Tuesday. Further, the attacks of the disease are milder, and far more patients recover. But though the situation is thus more hopeful, Egypt remains in a most serious state of disorganisation. Thanks to European zeal and common sense, Cairo itself is now in fair order, as the British have managed to obtain the main control, and are only occasionally thwarted by obstinate native officials, but dismal tales of suffering and ignorance still come from the interior. Shibin-el-Kum has lost half its population from cholera and emigration, and Mehallet has been in much the same condition as Mansourah, having but one Arab doctor to 29,000 inhabitants, and that doctor coolly acknowledging that he had only attended a few Copts and Jews, and no natives. Indeed, altogether the native doctors have shown despicable cowardice, generally deserting infected places at the first alarm. Now, the twelve English doctors sent out have been distributed amongst the most distressed towns, but native prejudice is still so strong that many prefer to die uncared for rather than be touched by infidel hands. Again, the refugees in quarantine at Kafidawar are well-nigh starved, and are camping in the open, without any protection for day or night. Any such large gatherings are centres of danger in themselves, and accordingly the natives were forbidden to visit the cemeteries as usual in the Bairam feast, when crowds generally gather round the tombs. The Khédive himself abandoned his customary Bairam reception. The Nile is unusually high this year; indeed, as the epidemic has effectually stopped all agricultural work, no precautions have been taken to restrict the flow of the river, and serious floods are feared.

The health of the British troops is slightly improving, but the forces had lost 122 officers and men up to the 7th inst. Following the Indian plan the troops are being moved about from place to place, but the heat has been intense, reaching an average of 106° under canvas in the hottest part of the day. The officers are stated to show the utmost devotion in nursing their sick men. The garrison at Alexandria are still free, except for one fatal case at Ramlah, but the cholera deaths in that city have now mounted to 17 on Tuesday, and seem to be steadily rising. The chief cases are in the quarters near the Mahmoudieh Canal, which has been in a horrible condition, but is now cleansed by the flow of the Nile. Disinfectant fires are lighted nightly, and the drains are well flushed, but considerable alarm still prevails, and business is at a complete standstill. An official inquiry has been made into the cause of the original outbreak at Damietta, and the Government delegate announces that the cholera was not imported, but was due to the bad sanitary state of the town.

Meanwhile the dread of infection has not abated on the Continent, fostered, indeed, by the statement from India that cholera is increasing considerably in the Bombay district. Several countries have prohibited the importation of all materials likely to spread the disease, TURKEY contemplates strict sanitary cordons, and quarantine in general is more rigorous than ever. The British Circular to the Government representatives abroad expressing England's views on quarantine has kindled vehement wrath in FRANCE. The Circular deplores the attacks made on England respecting the cholera outbreak, firmly asserts the uselessness of quarantine, and denies the importation of the disease from India, but the English arguments are criticised in most hostile fashion by the French press. As to the Suez Canal question fresh discussions have been aroused by the meeting of the Company on Wednesday, but the proceedings were merely formal, and little reference was made to the unlucky agreement. The Company decided to take measures in conjunction with the English directors to improve the traffic arrangements.

The death of Tu-Duc, the Emperor of Annam, scarcely changes the situation in Tonkin, for his nephew, Phu-Duc, who succeeds, appears as anti-French as his predecessor. The mandarins, however, have set up an opposition candidate, Vian-lan. Tu-Duc seems to have been a fierce autocrat, admitting no superior but the Chinese Emperor, and keeping the Princes of the family in stern subjection, and completely isolated from all European influence. At present nothing can be done in Tonkin, owing to the torrid heat; but all is ready for the attack, as the French fleet is at hand, and 7,000 troops are available. Probably Hué will be one of the first points attempted; but the French are decidedly over-weighted by the enemy's numbers, and remain in rather a perplexing position. The same reason keeps them inactive in Madagascar, where they are not strong enough to push on to the capital through the bodies of Hovas surrounding Tamatave.

Parliament having dispersed, home matters proper are uneventful, and M. Grévy has at last despatched his troublesome reply to the Pope, and has now gone holiday-making. So far as known, the President's letter is most courteously framed; and, while promising to further a good understanding between Church and State, mildly hints that the Pope should influence the French Bishops towards compromising with the French Government. PARIS has been enlivened by a Parliamentary scandal and an alleged Legitimist plot. Thus the Republican Deputies have been examining the Belgian financier, M. Boland, who asserts that he subsidised two Gambettists to support an insolvent bank, and now promises to divulge their names to clear his own character. The Royalist conspiracy relates to an organisation of servants belonging to well-known Legitimists, and styled the "Royal Essling Group," but little is known on the subject. Henri V. himself continues to improve. The only items of gossip are the various prize distributions, at one of which M. Rénan made a fine speech; and a theatrical novelty, *L'Orpheline de Senillac*, by M. Richard, at the Nations—a wildly sensational piece, full of Jesuit intrigues.

Popular enthusiasm in GERMANY is just now concentrated on Luther and the Reformation, and the quatercentennial commemoration of the Reformer's birth was inaugurated at Erfurt on Wednesday with great rejoicings. Of course the chief celebration is deferred till November, but Erfurt, where Luther studied and entered the Augustinian monastery, is early in the field with a University *fête*, to which hundreds of Protestant students had been invited. The town was crowded and gaily decorated, and the event of the day was the historical procession representing Luther's reception by the Erfurt University and Municipality on April 8th, 1521, on his way to the Imperial Diet at Worms. Historical accuracy was strictly preserved in the costumes and characters, and the procession was very effective, particularly when the picturesque assemblage of students, knights, burghers, trade-guilds, and maidens met the representative of Luther at the city gate. Luther, impersonated by a Weimar actor, and travelling in a queer country cart, was greeted at various points in the streets by his famous hymn, "Ein Feste Burg." On Thursday the students visited the Wartburg, where the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar gave a banquet in the Great Knights' Hall. These festivities have somewhat lessened the attention to the meeting of the German and Austrian Emperors at Ischl on the same day. Emperor Francis Joseph received his guest at

Ebensee, and a large gathering of the Imperial family welcomed Emperor William at Ischl. He left on the following day.

After six weeks' tumultuous proceedings, the notorious Jewish trial in AUSTRIA has resulted in an acquittal. The whole evidence of the crime proved so utterly untrustworthy and contradictory that the Public Prosecutor virtually abandoned the charge, and the verdict completely exonerated the fifteen accused. On dismissing the prisoners, the President of the Court stated that the prosecution was undertaken because the accused could not prove their absence from the synagogue at the critical moment, but that their alibi had been sufficiently established, and that there was a complete absence of all motive for the murder. It is considered that the body found in the Theiss is that of Esther, who must have committed suicide, owing to her mistress's cruelty. Great excitement prevailed before the acquittal, and additional police were at hand to keep order, but the crowded Court remained quiet, and the Jews left unmolested. Nine of them had endured over a year's imprisonment. Their families were waiting at the door with the Chief Rabbi, who blessed them, and money was distributed from some wealthy brethren at Buda-Pesth. Even now the matter is not completely ended, for the missing Esther's mother has appealed to a higher Court, while the Government intend to fully investigate the manner in which the case was got up originally. That estimable youth, Moritz Scharf, also, though highly respectful to his father, at first firmly refused to go home, but ultimately yielded, and the Scharf family have gone to Pesth, where they will be assisted by the Jewish community. They received, however, a very hostile greeting from the Pesth populace. The other accused have returned to wrecked houses and synagogue, and will probably find it difficult to dwell in peace with the Christian community at Tisza Esslar. Already fires have occurred in the village, which are attributed to the Jews by their neighbours eager to stir up strife. Violent anti-Semitic demonstrations have been made in Nyiregyhaza, especially against Dr. Eötvös, counsel for the defence, and the feeling is strong throughout the country. Thus, directly the verdict was known in Pressburg—where anti-Jewish riots occurred last year—menacing crowds assembled, and were only dispersed by the troops, while further demonstrations were made next day. The ringleaders, however, were arrested, and quiet was restored.

But the same spirit is again abroad in RUSSIA, as serious riots took place last week at Ekaterinoslav, in the South, although the fact was carefully suppressed by the authorities and has only just leaked out. Apparently, the outbreak was caused by a Jewish shopkeeper striking a Christian woman who had stolen some of his wares, and numbers of workmen, excited by the holiday-making of a Church festival, fell upon the Jews, wrecked their houses, and plundered their shops. Ten persons were killed and thirty wounded, and the military had infinite trouble to quell the disturbance.

There has been an attempted military rising in SPAIN. Early on Sunday morning the garrison of Badajoz, on the Portuguese frontier of Estramadura, suddenly declared themselves in favour of a Republic under Señor Ruiz Zorrilla and the Constitution of 1869. A few civilians supported the *pronunciamento*, and the insurgents disarmed the gendarmes and Custom House guards who refused to join, shut the fortress, and cut off all telegraphic and railway communication. The War Minister accordingly declared the province in a state of siege, and despatched General Blanco to Badajoz with 2,000 men. More mighty in words than deeds, the Republican troops melted away as General Blanco approached, and while a few surrendered, the majority vanished over the Portuguese frontier with the contents of the Treasury. According to a *Daily News* telegram a cavalry regiment near Logroño rose in revolt on Wednesday, while a disturbance is reported at Hostabrich, near Barcelona. The situation is considered to be so grave that the suspension of the Constitutional guarantees is being contemplated.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, nearly all ITALY is thrown into mourning by the catastrophe at Ischia, where fresh shocks have occurred. The subject is fully treated in another column.—A sensational Clerical trial is exciting BELGIUM, arising from the disputes of two claimants to the See of Tournai. During the struggle the episcopal funds were carried off to America by a certain Canon Bernard, to put them out of harm's way, so he declares, but the Canon has been brought home and prosecuted for breach of trust and carrying off 20,000*l.* of the public money. And now the Government claims that the money belongs to the State, and not to either Bishop.—The telegraph strike lingers on in the UNITED STATES, and some of the railway telegraphists have now joined the strikers, materially increasing their chances. There is little delay to business, however.—From SOUTH AFRICA comes a rumour that Cetewayo is alive, after all, and demands an inquiry into his treatment since his return to Zululand. Elated by success, Oham's forces are very troublesome, and are inclined to raid into the Reserved territory.



THE chief members of the Royal Family are now in the Isle of Wight. Thus the Queen continues at Osborne with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Grand Duke of Hesse and his three elder daughters, while the Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters are on board their yacht *Osborne*. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have also been staying with Her Majesty, arriving on Saturday, when the Queen gave a small dinner party. On Sunday, the Queen, with the Grand Duke and the Princesses of Hesse, attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left on Monday.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Cowes on Saturday in his yacht *Aline*, after visiting Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar at Portsmouth, while the Princess and daughters shortly joined him in the *Osborne*. The Royal party visited the Queen immediately on their arrival, and next morning attended Divine Service on board the *Osborne*, the Prince afterwards coming ashore to the Yacht Squadron Club. On Monday the Prince, as Commodore, presided at the annual Meeting of Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and at the dinner in the evening, while on Tuesday his yacht *Aline* competed in the race for the Queen's Cup. The Prince was on board his vessel with the Duke of Connaught, but the *Aline*, unfortunately, lost her fore top mast, and failed to obtain a place. The Royal party have taken part in all the chief yachting festivities, and leave on Monday for town, on their way to Homburg.—Prince Albert Victor has been staying at Holkham, with the Earl of Leicester, and joined in a lawn-tennis tournament in aid of the funds for restoring Wells church, lately burnt down. The Prince and his partner, Miss Sybil Cohen, the Earl's niece, won two sets in the first round, but were subsequently defeated. Prince George has reached Halifax safely in the *Canada*.

Monday was the Duke of Edinburgh's thirty-ninth birthday, and the day was kept with the usual honours of Royal salutes, &c.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany have gone to Germany, to stay with the Duchess's parents at Waldeck, leaving their baby with the Queen.—Princess Beatrice, who has greatly benefited by the waters and baths, leaves Aix-les-Bains at the end of this week, and will spend a few days in Paris on her way home.



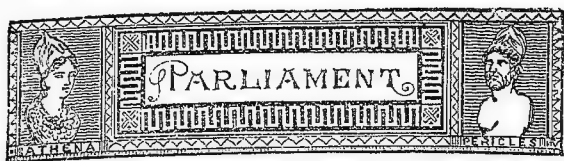
COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These summer entertainments, so welcome to those who for one reason or another are unable to leave the great city in the hot period of the year, and so attractive to our many visitors from the country and abroad, commenced on Saturday night with every prospect of success. It is absurd to insist that what attracts thousands is undeserving of notice, because its general tendency is not towards what Thackeray would call "the superfine." On the contrary, Dr. Johnson, when, in one of his "Lives of the Poets," he said "that which interests many must have merit," spoke the simple truth. Argument apart, however, the Promenade Concerts have opened with the best chances of a successful career. About the decorations of the theatre, &c., it will suffice to state that the space behind the orchestra, where the refreshments are served, in lieu of a modern market-place now represents a Chinese pavilion, the design of which does infinite credit to Mr. Albert Calcott. The Floral Hall is again used as a convenient lounge for smokers, and a new entrance from Bow Street, open to all who may choose to avail themselves of it, adds to the facility of ingress and, what is of still more consequence, egress. There is again a splendid orchestra, selected from the best accredited London performers, with Mr. A. Gwyllm Crowe as conductor, and Mr. J. T. Carrodus as leading violin; all the prominent solo players of last year, to specify whom individually would be superfluous, adding to the effect of the *ensemble*. The programme on Saturday night was of a purely "miscellaneous" character, and comprised so many pieces that to enter into details would occupy more space than we have at command. Enough that the singers were Mesdames Rose Hersee and Enriquez, Messrs. Maas and Maybrick, so well balanced a quartet of voices—soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass—that a four-part song from them would have been both a variety and a treat; but they confined themselves to solos, and, each being more or less a popular favourite, won the hearty applause of an audience that filled the theatre in every part. The instrumental solo performers of the evening were Messrs. Radcliff (flute) and Howard Reynolds (cornet). These also are deservedly popular favorites, and were greeted accordingly. Other distinguished executionists, such as M. Dubucq (oboe), Hutchins (bassoon), Mann (horn), Hughes (ophicleide), &c., played solos in "selections" from *Tannhäuser* and "Old English Melodies," to which the band of the Coldstream Guards (under Mr. C. Thomas) lent their powerful aid. Further details are unnecessary. The programme of the first "Classical" night comprised, as leading features, the overture to *Der Freischütz*, Mendelssohn's violin concerto (Mr. Carrodus), and the same composer's *Italian Symphony*.

WOLVERHAMPTON FESTIVAL.—Wolverhampton seems now impressed with a desire to emulate its powerful neighbour, Birmingham, by establishing its Musical Festival as a "triennial." The arrangements for the meeting this year are on the most liberal scale. A band and chorus of 300 performers with Dr. Swinnerton Heap, well-known and esteemed in these districts as an organist and composer, as conductor, and Mr. J. T. Carrodus, whose name is a passport everywhere and anywhere, as leader, two very important conditions are fulfilled; while the department of leading vocalists is strongly represented by such a list of artists as Misses Anna Williams, Mary Davies, and Emilie Lloyd; Madame Patey; Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Joseph Maas, Foli, and Frederic King. Among the works to be performed are Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, Hummel's *Alma Virgo*, Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake* (composed for, and first produced at, the now so important Glasgow Concerts, when Hans von Bülow was conductor), and Mr. Mackenzie's *Jason*—a varied and interesting selection to be comprised, with so many other good things, in four performances—the days of the Festival being limited to two—Thursday and Friday, the 13th and 14th, of next month, a morning and an evening concert on each occasion. The object of the undertaking is to help charity as well as to promote Art, the profits, whatever they may be, accruing to the funds of the Wolverhampton and South Staffordshire General Hospital. Earl Dartmouth has accepted the office of President. The good these Festivals do in many ways is incalculable; and it is a mistake to throw cold water on them.

FERDINAND HILLER.—It is believed that Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the German *Altmeister*, intimate friend of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and last, not least, Rossini, is about to resign his post as Director of the Cologne Conservatorium and Conductor of the Gürzenich Concerts—admitted rivals to those of the Leipzig Gewandhaus, which attained to such a height of fame under the direction of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and since the death of that great musician have so materially diminished in artistic significance. Dr. Hiller, who has on various occasions conducted the famous Rhine Festivals—held triennially at Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Aix la Chapelle—and, in 1871, was also conductor of the great Festival held at Bonn in commemoration of the centenary of Beethoven's birth (1870—postponed for a year in consequence of the Franco-German War), is now in his seventy-third year; and it is only natural that, after so laborious a professional life, he should stand in need of repose. At the same time, there are hopes that his decision may not yet be final.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—A correspondent wishes to know whether this once very popular operatic singer, for whom Auber composed one of his most charming and characteristic works, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, is in the land of the living. Certainly. Why not? Still hale and hearty, Anna Thillon is living, with her husband, M. Thillon, at Torquay, where she has resided many years. Four decades have nearly passed since she made her *début* at the Princess's Theatre (May, 1844), in an English version of Auber's opera above-named (the *Crown Diamonds*), with such brilliant success that for a period, in theatrical circles, she became the town talk.

WATFS.—A monument to Karl Maria von Weber, composer of *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*, is being erected in his native town of Eutin (Duchy of Holstein). Better late than never. The monument is to be unveiled on the 18th of December, 1886, the centenary of the great musician's birth.—Political allusions in plays and operas at Madrid are henceforth strictly forbidden by the authorities.—The stage of the Scala at Milan is to be lighted by electricity.—It is difficult to credit a report that Signor Spondrini, architect of the Teatro Costanza in Rome, has been appointed to lay out the plans for and superintend the building of the projected new Italian Opera House in Paris. Surely there are French architects equal to the task.—The once popular dramatic tenor, Duprez, still artistically active in the training of young aspirants for the lyric stage, but lately went to Dieppe, to attend the *début* of Mdlle. Rabany, one of his favourite pupils.—Ponchielli seems to have raised high expectations among the Russian promoters of Italian opera. Not only his *Gioconda*, but his earlier work, *I Lituani*, is in preparation for the forthcoming season at St. Petersburg.—A new theatre is to be erected at Santa Fé.—Anton Rubinstein is passing the summer in his villa at Peterhof, his chief occupation being the completion of a new trio for pianoforte and stringed instruments, and putting the finishing touches to his eagerly-expected comic opera. A "comic" opera from the composer of *The Demon* is something to look forward to.



THE House of Commons, after spending weeks and months in more or less idle talk, is now at last buckling to work. The determination of the Government to carry the main points of their programme being immovable, the work turns out to be exceedingly hard. We have Saturday sittings, and we have ordinary sittings prolonged, as a regular thing, up to the break of day. On Saturday the House sat from noon till eight o'clock; on Monday it sat for nearly twelve hours, the adjournment taking place at half-past three on Tuesday morning; and on Tuesday this feat was equalled, the House not adjourning till a quarter to four. This would be a tremendous strain at any time. Coming now at the end of a laborious Session, and in the more or less sultry heats of August, it is sufficient to kill ordinary persons. Leading members of the House of Commons, notably the Leader himself, are, however, extraordinary persons. There is naturally some difficulty in getting together the rank and file. But the Leaders are generally to be found in their places, and are ready, as was painfully demonstrated on Monday and Tuesday, to make prodigious speeches on unexciting topics.

Mr. Gladstone himself remains a marvel of human endurance. He is always in his place, coming down at question time, and stopping till whatever hour may be necessary to see critical business through. Being there he must needs speak, although events do not peremptorily call for his interposition. On Monday night, on the proposed vote for South Africa, the old old stories of the Transvaal and Zululand were retold in succession. Mr. Evelyn Ashley, as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, had a chance of distinguishing himself, and no over-weighting of natural bashfulness prevents him from seizing these occasions. He spoke at considerable length on both subjects, entering into them fully, and detailing with painful minuteness the views of Her Majesty's Ministers. There was no seriousness in the attack, led in one case by Mr. Gorst, and the other by Mr. Guy Dawney. The natural conclusion was reached when members who had prepared speeches had reeled them off, and the amendments, having served their purpose, were withdrawn. But Mr. Gladstone, like the gentleman with a cork leg mentioned in history, could not keep still. He was up at eight o'clock on the Transvaal question, and at midnight, returning from a hasty meal, he revelled in all the intricacies of British policy in Zululand.

His facility for speech-making is simply fearful. Both these speeches soared far beyond the point reached by any which preceded or followed them, whether in respect of closeness of argument, universality of knowledge, or grace of diction. Yet it was evident not the slightest preparation had been made for their delivery. It was more than possible that in view of the period of the Session now arrived at, of the undesirability of prolonging the Session by unnecessary words, and last and least, in deference to the desirability, often pressed upon him, of husbanding his resources, the Premier had not intended to speak either on the Transvaal or Zululand. But, being in the old place, faced by the familiar scene, and hearing controversial matter going forward, he found the temptation irresistible. An hour and a-half of the time of the House was occupied, and the Parliamentary records were enriched with two more speeches.

The Lords have this week commenced their work, practically beginning the Session of 1883 on the 7th of August. They might, if they had been so disposed, have commenced it on the 6th, since the English Agricultural Holdings Bill had been in their possession for some days. But, like the British workman in other spheres of life, they were not inclined to go to work on the Monday, and left it over till Tuesday. The hero and main instigator of the debate was Lord Wemyss, better known to the public as the Lord Elcho for nearly forty years in the House of Commons. There is no higher incentive to unfeigned sympathy than a community of suffering, and, after Tuesday night, the House of Lords will have a clearer view of what the House of Commons has undergone since East Haddingtonshire first sent Lord Elcho to Parliament. There was no intention on the part of any section of party in the House of Lords to debate at length the Second Reading of the Agricultural Holdings Bill. It is a very ticklish subject for Conservative landowners, and though their natural instinct would be to oppose anything sent up by the present Government, they were conscious of the gaze of the tenant farmers, and felt the necessity of proceeding cautiously. To take a division would above all things be embarrassing. They dare not vote against the Bill, and they would very much rather not vote for it. The course they desired to adopt was to peck at the Bill a little, hint the necessity for amendments in Committee, and let it pass the Second Reading stage as quickly as possible.

In this arrangement they counted without the Earl of Wemyss. That noble lord saw a splendid opportunity of making a figure in the House, and enjoying the repetition of one of his favourite speeches—that on the subject of freedom of contract. The House of Commons, or rather the dozen or score accustomed to remain after the exodus that followed on Lord Elcho's rising, were only too familiar with the speech. It would come fresh to the House of Lords, and might even for the public have a gloss of newness thrown over it by personal references to noble lords instead of the accustomed finger pointing at hon. and right hon. gentlemen. Lord Wemyss accordingly delivered his speech, greatly shocking his audience, several members rising in succession to correct him on matters of fact. But Lord Wemyss rattled on, even inspired by these corrections, though in the case of the Duke of Richmond they once assumed something uncomfortably like the lie direct. The Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Carlisle, and the Marquis of Salisbury poured contempt and scorn upon the youngest peer. But that only made Lord Wemyss enjoy the situation the more, and he insisted upon going to a division, with the result that the Liberal Agricultural Holdings Bill was welcomed in a Conservative House of Lords by 55 votes against 9.

In spite of much speaking, the high pressure at which the sittings of the House of Commons are now carried on brings about the natural result of accomplishing business. Saturday's sitting was unusually prolific. Summoned specially for the purpose of debating the Irish Parliamentary Registration Bill, threatened with strong opposition from the Conservative benches, it did what was expected of it in that quarter, passed the Patents Bill through its final stages, and advanced several other Government measures. It then took up three private Bills which had long been stranded on the Orders, blocked by Mr. Warton, and, in spite of show of opposition from the Government, succeeded in carrying them a stage forward. According to the new Rules, when the House has once gone into Committee on a Bill, Mr. Warton's reign of tyranny is over. Bills, thereafter, cease to be operative, and the Bills can then be taken up and dealt with at any hour. The practical result of Saturday's work was shown in the middle of Monday night, when the Irish Labourers' Bill and the Bill Prohibiting the Payment of Wages in Public Houses were passed through their final stages, in spite of piteous protests from Mr. Warton. The third Bill which on Saturday escaped from the toils of the Blocker was Mr. Anderson's Pigeon Shooting Bill, which now has a fair chance of becoming law this Session. Other business accomplished within the week has been the passing of many votes on Monday; the reading a second time of the National Debt Bill, which occupied

Tuesday; the consideration, on the report stage, of the Corrupt Practices Bill, taken on Wednesday; and the debate on Egyptian policy arising on the vote of Major Baring's salary, which came on on Thursday.

The interest in the last debate was forestalled by a statement made by Mr. Gladstone, on Monday, in reply to a question by Mr. John Morley. The Member for Newcastle had repeated in a varied form a question Baron de Worms had vainly put to the Premier. Speaking to his friend and supporter, Mr. Gladstone was more confidential. He dashed the hopes of the annexationists by reiterating former declarations as to the temporary character of the military occupation of Egypt. At the same time he modified Conservative opposition, by stating that the outbreak of cholera having interrupted the progress of the re-establishment of order, and the reorganisation of the Government, he could not see any prospect of an immediate withdrawal of the troops. Rarely has a Minister, answering a question on a crucial and delicate point of Foreign Policy, had such full measure of good fortune in pleasing both sides.



A ROMANTIC drama at DRURY LANE in these days is not to be judged by the canons which are applicable to a piece of the same kind produced in a theatre of less colossal dimensions. There was a time when the "patent houses" enjoyed a legal monopoly of the higher drama, but their unsuit for the display of the finer qualities of acting was even then fully perceived by the critical. Hazlitt somewhere says that those who had only seen Kean's acting "from the boxes" had really not seen it at all; and it is well known that the dramatic critics of his time always strove to obtain places in the front rows of the pit, which were equivalent to the front rows of our stalls, since the distinction between pit and stalls was as yet unknown. Here, in fact, it was absolutely necessary to be in order to appreciate the subtler beauties of the actor's art—the play of feature, the delicate shades of intonation, the gestures, movements, and other illustrative details which, soberly and judiciously employed, play so important a part in a fine performance. The public, it is true, having little or no experience of the higher order of acting, save in these vast houses, were little conscious of what they thus lost through the old theatrical monopoly. But nowadays the case is widely different. From the moment that playgoers became accustomed to see good acting in smaller theatres, the function of Drury Lane as the home of what is known as "the legitimate drama" was really at an end. Spectacular plays—which necessarily imply a large stage—and plays above all which require a broad and effective style of acting, are clearly best suited to its vast dimensions.

This Mr. Augustus Harris, the present lessee of DRURY LANE, has very clearly perceived. His chief aim, accordingly, is to find excuses for a rapid succession of exciting and picturesque incidents illustrated by effective scenery, and supported by all the arts of the modern stage carpenter and machinist. There is nothing, it must be confessed, of the heroic type in this sort of management. Mr. Harris does not affect to uphold the literary drama, or pretend to appeal to educated and refined audiences. He looks to a simpler-minded class of playgoers; and believing, with some reason, that these are very numerous, he makes a great noise in boastful public advertisements about the merits of his pieces, his theatre, and himself. On the other hand, it is clear that Drury Lane is fitted for nothing better; and it is fair to add that the plays recently produced here are harmless enough, unless it be that they tend, like the latest of the series, to foster a rather bombastic sort of patriotism. This play, which bears the title of *Freedom*, and is stated to be the joint work of Mr. G. F. Rowe and Mr. Harris—who enact leading parts in their own piece—has been very cunningly contrived to give employment to the brush of Mr. Beverley and that of his coadjutor, Mr. Emden; and it is not to be denied that it introduces us to a fine series of pictures, partly due to the talents of these gentlemen, and partly to the judicious employment of the arts of the costumer and the stage manager. The opening scene of the Bazaar in a modern Egyptian city, with groups of market people, slaves, and English Blue-jackets, is extremely striking. Not less is to be said of the scene of the English Consulate, introducing an insurrection of the people against the Christians, which has evidently been suggested by the lamentable massacre in Alexandria. Beauty of a more tranquil kind commends the moonlight view of the Nile, by Mr. Emden; while a massive grandeur and romantic picturesqueness characterise Mr. Beverley's final scene of "The Rock Tomb." All these, and other pictures, together with the remarkable picturesqueness of the groups and the animation of the incidents associated with them, gave apparently intense satisfaction to the crowded audience of Saturday night. We wish we could speak as favourably of the story of the play, which concerns the horrible persecutions suffered by one Captain Gascoigne, R.N., at the hands of a crafty and unscrupulous Egyptian officer, Mohammed Araf Bey, until the sudden arrival of a British man-of-war—representing the very latest developments of naval architecture—in what appears to be the shallow waters of an estuary of the Nile, confounds the wicked Egyptians, and rescues their victim from the cruellest of deaths. To tell how Araf spirits away the gallant captain's lovely bride in the charming person of Miss Bromley on her wedding day, and, having shot her father, hands over the bridegroom to the vindictive slave-captain smarting under the British captain's recent interference with his nefarious trade, would require us to wander through an almost endless labyrinth. Nor can we pretend to convey a notion of the deluge of fine language which the dialogue inflicts upon the audience. For all this, there is some very good acting. Perhaps the best of all, though not the least painful, is Miss Sophie Eyre's terribly earnest impersonation of the jealous wife of Araf, who finally slays her husband and herself. Mr. Augustus Harris, after his wont, reserves to himself the part of the youthful hero, which he certainly plays with dash and earnestness; and Mr. Harris's collaborator, Mr. Rowe, an American actor not unknown to the London stage, plays cleverly the incidental, but prominent, part of a Yankee tourist, "hailing" from Texas, who renders efficient service to the persecuted folk, delivering meantime many dryly humorous observations with a strong nasal accent. Nothing but a story less irrational would be required to render Mr. Fernandez's performance of the part of Araf Bey impressive; as it was, its artistic qualities deserve unstinted praise. That excellent actress, Miss Lydia Foote, is included in the cast, together with the favourite low comedians, Mr. Harry Jackson and Mr. Nicholls; but in no instance can they be said to be fortunate in the parts assigned to them. Altogether the comic business in the play is rather wearisome, and it evoked the only tokens of dissatisfaction heard throughout the evening. For all this, the reception accorded to the new play was enthusiastic, and there can be no doubt that it is destined to a prosperous career.

On the site of the little Philharmonic, at Islington, a large and commodious theatre (to be called the GRAND) has been erected by Messrs. Holt and Wilmot, who opened their doors on Saturday evening. The new house is handsome and well fitted in every way, and, as it appears to be intended to rely upon those strongly-flavoured romantic and picturesque dramas which are dear to the heart of suburban audiences, there is some reason to expect that the new venture will prove pro-

sperous. The play entitled *The Bright Future*, written by Mr. Sefton Parry, brought out here on Saturday evening is of a rather old-fashioned type; but it presents numerous striking scenes and endless exciting and alarming situations, interlarded with the customary scenes of low comedy, so that the recognised conditions of success in the suburbs may be said to be amply fulfilled. The company is, by no means a weak one for a piece of this kind. It comprises at least one admirable performance in the case of Miss Lydia Cowell's Lotty Jenniker, an impersonation full of sprightliness, as well as of that indescribable quality known as "charm." The part of the long-suffering heroine is tenderly played by Miss Helen Massey, while that of the erring, but finally rehabilitated hero, is enacted with spirit by Mr. Carleon.

With the above exceptions Bank Holiday produced no novelties at the theatres, nor was it to be expected that the theatres would be active on that occasion. The opening of the DRURY LANE season indeed, is unusually early, and many important houses are now closed, or will close this evening. Among these are the LYCEUM, the HAYMARKET, the PRINCESS'S, the ST. JAMES'S, the COURT, the GLOBE, the OLYMPIC, the IMPERIAL, and the OPERA COMIQUE.

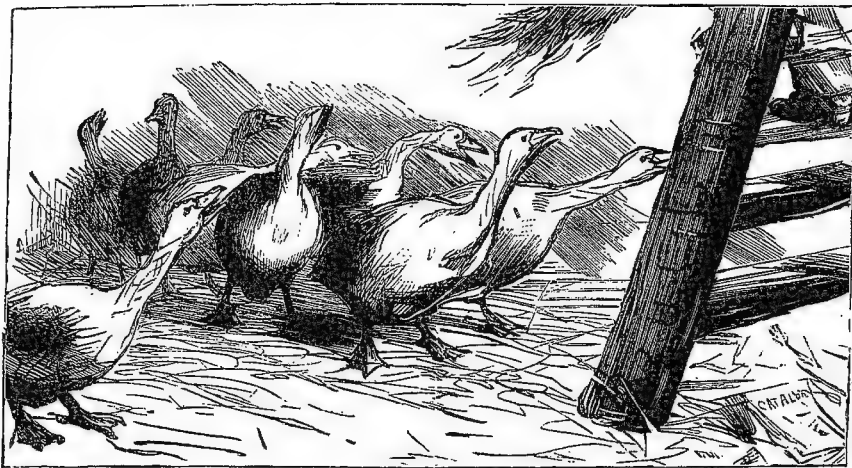
Mrs. Langtry, it appears, will not be seen on the London stage for a long time to come. Her visit to England is a short one, and will be devoted to provincial performances. Early in October she will return to the United States for another professional tour extending over eight months, after which she is under engagement to visit the Australian Colonies.

Miss Fortescue, who, it has been publicly announced, is about to be married to the eldest son of Earl Cairns, has taken a final leave of the stage. She played her fairy part in *Iolanthe* at the SAVOY on Saturday evening for the last time.

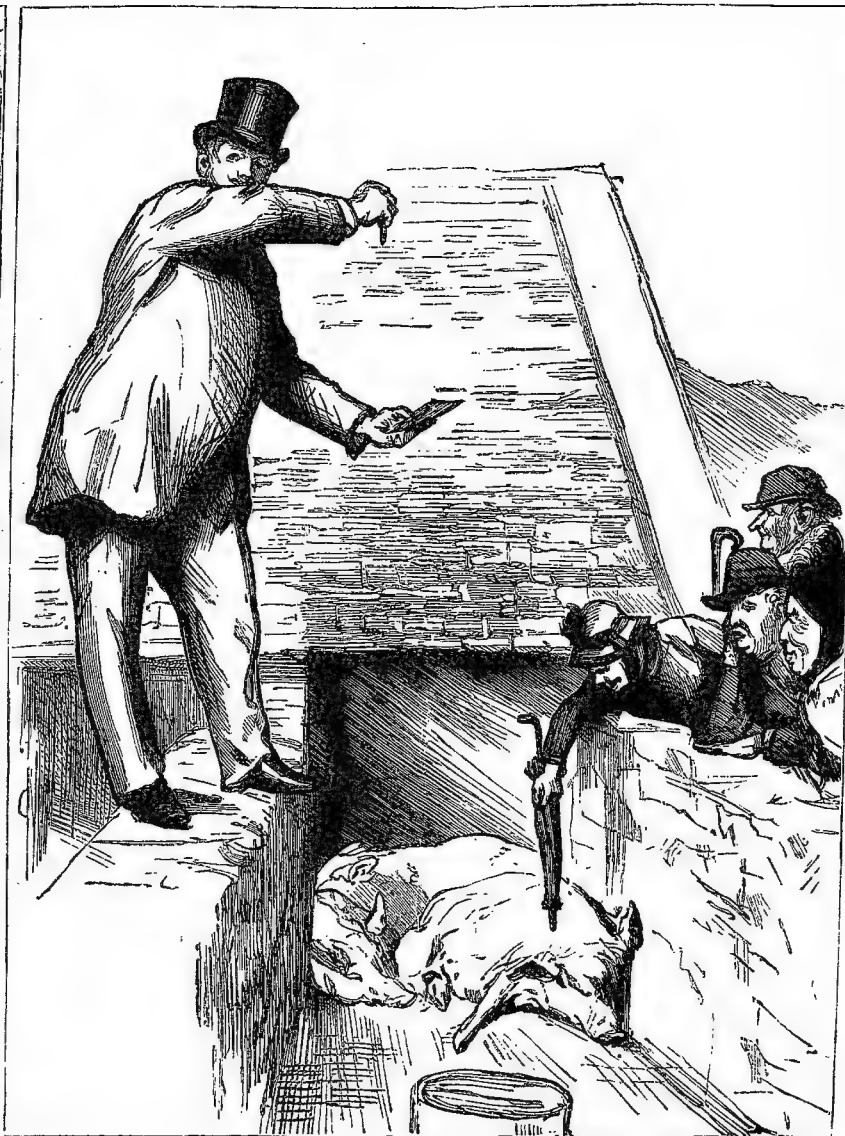


THE TURF.—The Cup day at Goodwood was perfect in point of weather, and an excellent day's racing. It began, however, with a disappointment, as Geheimniss did not dispute the Singleton Stakes with Tristan, who was allowed a walk-over, and, with this formal business, to make his final adieu to the English Turf. Though his has been a somewhat chequered career, and he has lately broken down a good deal in temper, there are few horses who can show more valuable winning brackets, or who have won more money for an owner, than the son of Hermit and Thrift has done for Mr. Lefevre. Eight good animals sported silk for the classic and valuable Rous Memorial Stakes, and odds were laid on the all-conquering Superba, who carried the extreme penalty and won. For the Corinthian Plate The Mate, the absolute outsider of a party of ten, came in first; but was disqualified on the ground of a cannon and a cross, and the race was awarded the Duke of Hamilton's Fendion. The Cup was contested by five runners, and, before the start, Corrie Roy, the winner of the Stakes on the opening day of the meeting, was deposed from the position of first favourite, Border Minstrel taking her place. The result justified the final state of the market, Border Minstrel winning, Corrie Roy running second, and Dutch Oven third. The winner is probably the best three-year-old of the season, but, unfortunately, was not entered for any of the classic races. It is just ten years ago since a three-year-old won the Cup. In the Racing Stakes the American Blue Grass, with the best of the weights, beat the favourite, Ossian, and Henley. On the last day of the racing the Duke of Westminster showed us a first-class youngster in Spectre, a fairly-named daughter of Speculum and Lady Blanche, who won the Nassau Stakes; and his Grace followed up his success in the Nursery Stakes, won by Sandiway, who has had a good many races credited to her this season. Lord Rosebery's Fast and Loose, the cleverly-christened daughter of Cremorne and Celerrima, took the March Stakes; and Exile II. was made favourite for, and won, the Chichester Stakes. But backers of favourites experienced a terrible blow in supporting Geheimniss at a little less than "evens," in a field of eleven, for the Chesterfield Cup. The mare was certainly entitled to great consideration after her grand display in the Stewards' Cup; but in this longer race she could only get fourth. The easy victory of Vibration seems to suggest that the race just mentioned was not truly run. Sweetbread's second, with 9st. 8lbs. on his back, showed him a great horse. Altogether, the meeting was a bad one for backers; but not so disastrous as some recent Goodwoods have been.—Brighton, as usual, has followed Goodwood this week, and there was little to complain of in the quality of the racing. Mr. Peck's Little Sister opened the ball by winning the Bristol Plate, and he scored again on the first day with Mac Alpine in the Patcham Stakes. Gloucester, Chameleon, and Polaris were the most fancied in a field of ten, for the Marine Stakes, but the winner turned up in the 12 to 1 Antler, ridden by Giles, who, although not reckoned a fashionable jockey, very frequently wins on an outsider. Nor could backers find the winner of the Brighton Stakes out of only five starters, for they made Thebais favourite, and she was easily beaten by Mr. R. Jardine's Whin Blossom. Wednesday's racing was spoilt by the rain, but the sport was fair. Mr. L. de Rothschild took the Ovingdean Welter with the useful Brag, and the Brookside Plate with Eira; and Baron de Rothschild the Davies Park Welter with Skye. Mac Alpine scored again for Mr. Peck in the Pavilion Stakes, and Sir G. Chetwynd's Hornpipe, the Steward's Cup winner at Goodwood, beat three speedy animals in Eastern Empress, Exile II., and Glen Albyn for the Rous Stakes. The Cup, or rather the forfeits for it, were walked over for by Border Minstrel, the Goodwood Cup hero.—The Sussex fortnight was concluded with some fair racing at Lewes, which does not call for special remark.—The well-known three-year-olds, Goldfield and Padlock, have been purchased privately by Sir George Chetwynd, for 3,000 and 1,000 guineas respectively.—No great change in the market is to be noticed as the St. Leger draws nearer, the three first favourites, Galiard, Highland Chief, and Elzevir holding pretty much the same positions as they have for some weeks.

CRICKET.—The inter-county contests are rapidly coming to a conclusion. The once mighty Gloucestershire has fallen on evil times and suffered another defeat, this time having been beaten by Notts by an innings and 34 runs. Two of the Midland bats scored over a "century" each—Barnes 110 and Wright 127 (not out). For Gloucestershire, Townsend marked 65 and Moberly 48 in the first innings, and E. M. Grace 36 and 52; the great W. G. only producing a "duck's egg" and 4.—Surrey, the uncertain, made mincemeat of Somersetshire at the Oval, towards the close of last week, making the grand total of 449, and beating the Western county by an innings and 213 runs; but it had different fish to fry in the Notts team in the match begun on the transpontine ground on the Bank Holiday, when 10,000 spectators were present. The Surrey men, however, made the very good total of 236 in their first innings, but Notts replied with 405. In its second innings Surrey scored 112 with the loss of only three wickets; but eventually the rain caused the game to end in a draw.—The Canterbury week did not begin well for the Home county, which was beaten by the M.C.C. by nine wickets.—Yorkshire has beaten Derbyshire by an innings and three runs; Hampshire, Somersetshire by seven wickets; and Norfolk, Northamptonshire by 89 runs.



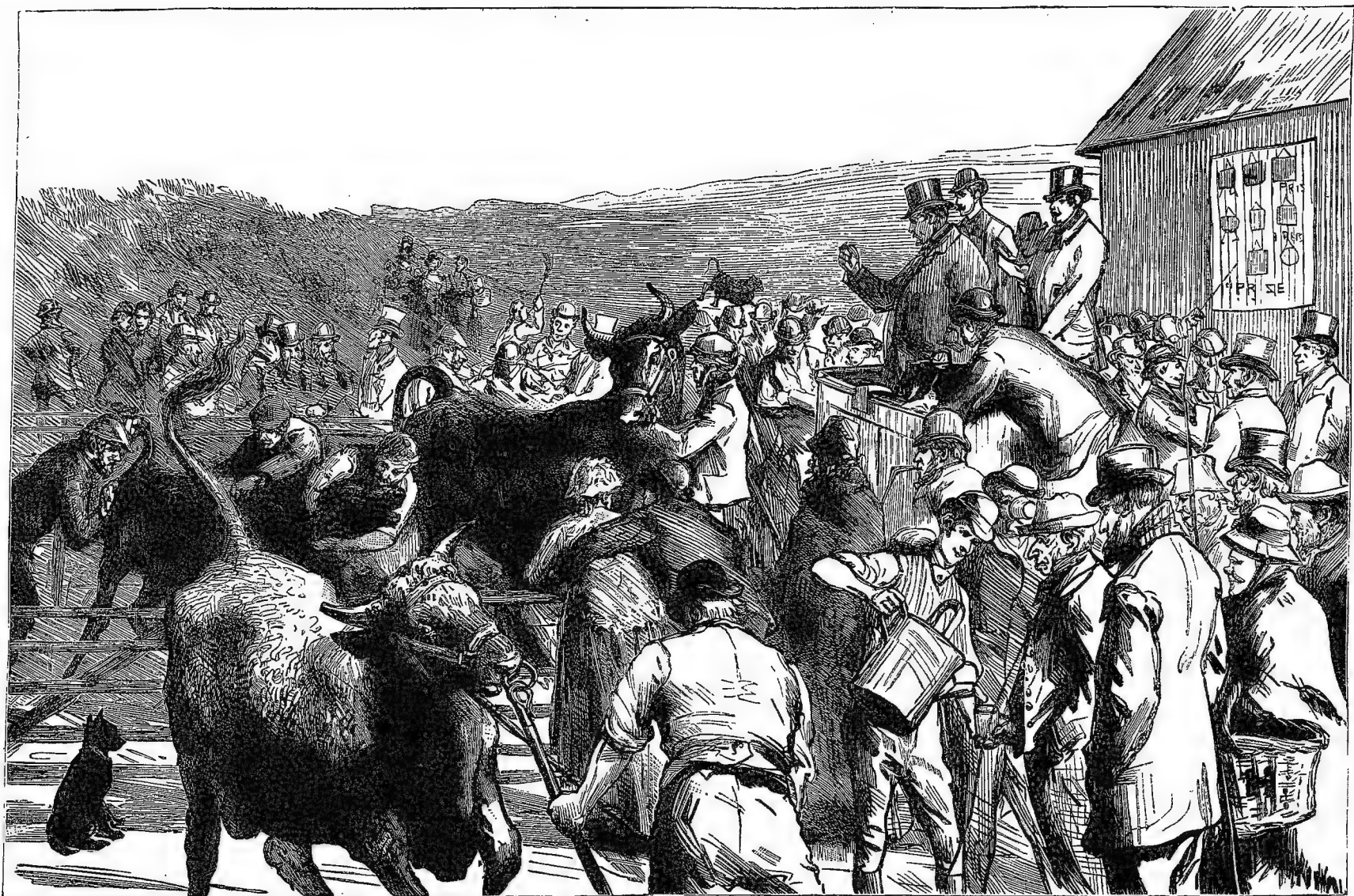
THE AUCTIONEER "PUT UP" BY THE GEESSE



KNOCKING DOWN THE FAT PIGS

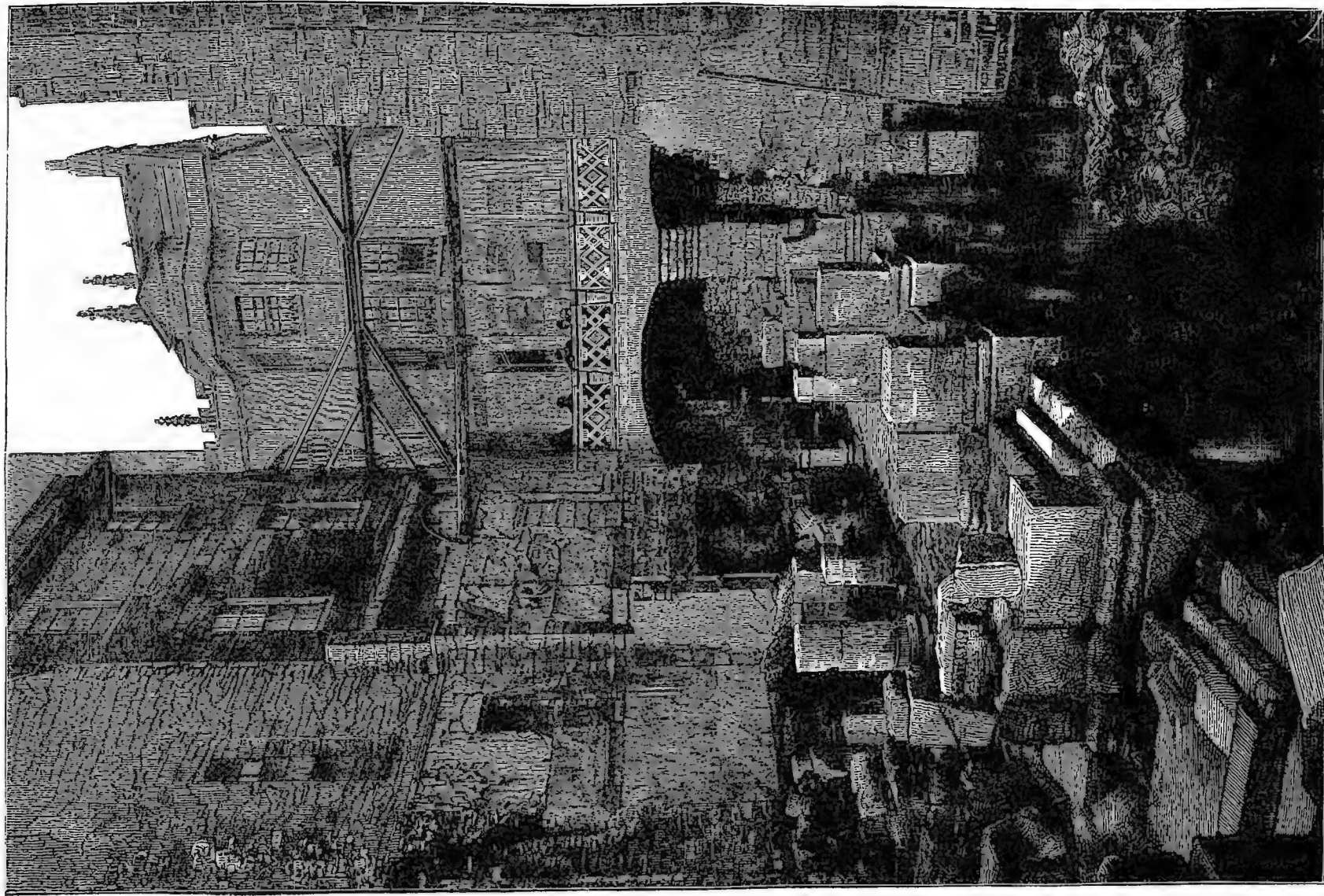


THE AUCTIONEER MOVING FROM PLACE TO PLACE ACCOMPANIED BY HIS TRAVELLING PLATFORM

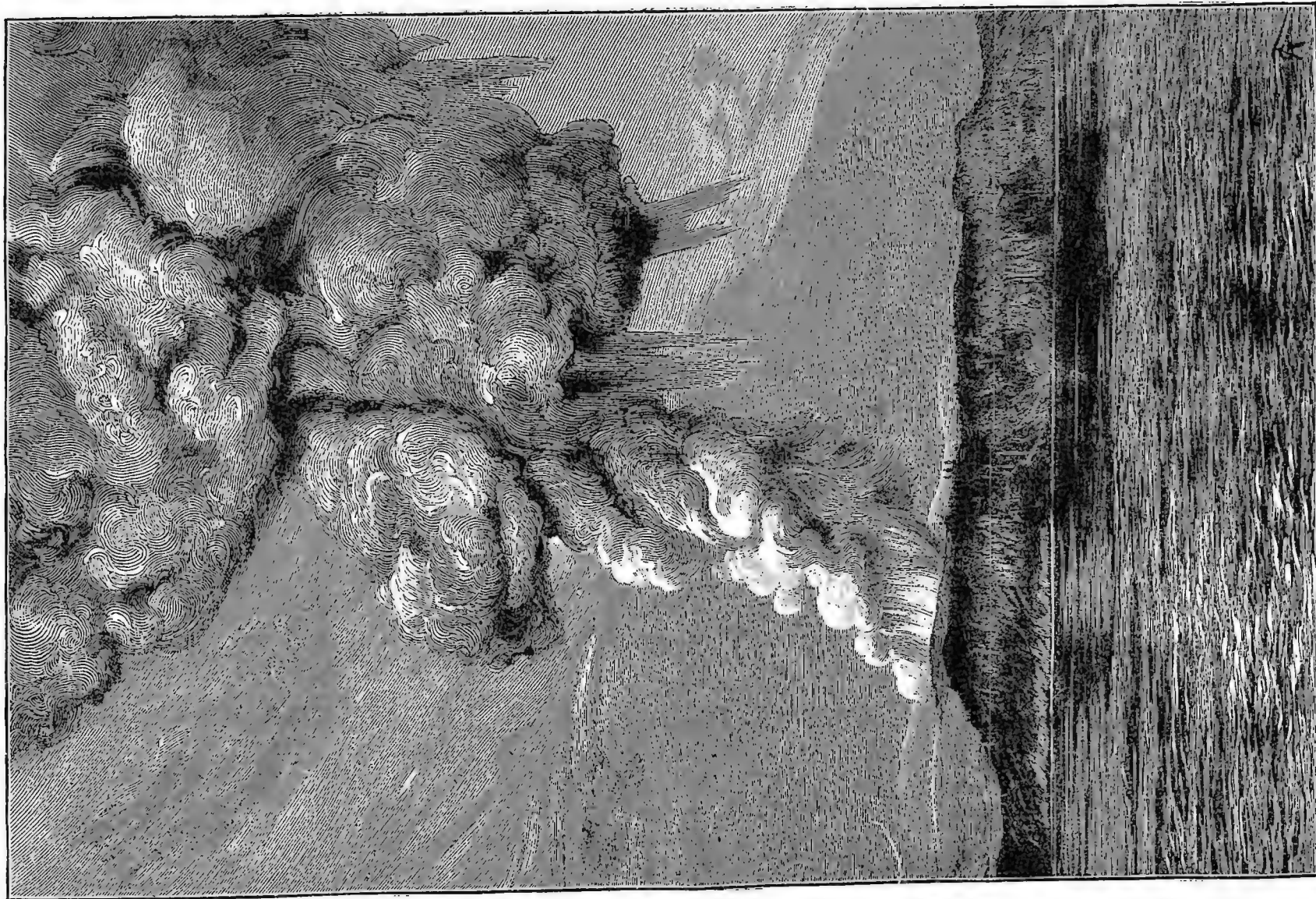


BLACK CATTLE PUT UP TO AUCTION

OUR ARTIST IN WALES, I.—A SALE OF LIVE STOCK IN ANGLESEY



THE RECENTLY-EXCAVATED ROMAN BATH AT BATH



A VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT THE ISLAND OF KRAKATAU IN THE STRAITS OF SUNDA, MIDWAY BETWEEN
JAVA AND SUMATRA

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE ERUPTION

BICYCLING.—The second race for the Fifty Miles Professional Championship was decided at Leicester on Saturday last in the presence of some 7,000 spectators. There were nine competitors, including De Civry, of Paris, and the once famous rider, D. Stanton. Wood, of Leicester, and Lees, of Sheffield, were the two favourites, but odds of 2 to 1 were laid on the former. The finish between them was a splendid one, Wood eventually winning by only eight yards. His time was 2 hrs. 48 min. 10 sec., the best professional performance on record. Both Wood and Lees rode "Humbers."



THE HAY HARVEST is at length about completed, the ten days' dry weather at the end of July and beginning of August having allowed the clearing off of arrears and the ingetting of late fields. Fine hay will be scarce; but the bulk of the crop has been saved in mediocre or fair condition. Of utterly spoilt hay there is not much. The early hay was of rather over-average quality, and decidedly under-average quantity, the prevailing dry weather from Easter to Midsummer sufficiently explaining both facts. The medium hay has been of fair quantity and indifferent quality. The most fortunate farmers have been those whose hay was so late that it was still in growth when St. Swithin came, and which, after making a fortnight's progress, has just been reaped and carried. On the other hand, the earlier meadows are already showing promise of a good aftermath.

THE WHEAT HARVEST has now begun in most of the Southern counties, though generally over England it must be reckoned a full fortnight late. The wheat midge is discovered but too frequently among the ears; there is also a good deal of blight, and some mildew. The straw has sometimes gone of an unhealthy grey colour, and the crop on poor clays will certainly be very light. There would, however, be hope of many an average crop but for the undoubted thinness of the plant in the ground. The ears are good as a rule, and will yield well in number of grains to the ear; but when we deduct, say, 10 per cent. deficiency in the number of ears on an acre of wheat, and other 10 per cent. for blight, midge, and other injuries, we find that on an acreage often reckoned 20 per cent. deficient, and certainly considerably under the mean, there is but little chance of a fair wheat crop now.

THE HOP GARDENS, we are sorry to say, are of distinctly less promise than a fortnight ago. Both fly and mould have largely increased, and sulphuring has now to be carried on extensively, while some farmers are syringing their hops. The bine, in many parts of Kent, is getting slack and losing in vigour; but with warmer weather, particularly at night, there is still ground for hoping that 1883 will not, in the end, disappoint our Midsummer expectations of the largest yield for the last ten years. When all is said that can be said against such hopes, we have only to take our readers' memory back to mid-August, 1882, to show that at the very worst 1883 is yet for the hop-grower a great and notable improvement upon last year.

OATS IN SCOTLAND are so important a crop that we are specially sorry to have to report a generally unfavourable outlook in that country. During July they have gone off in an unaccountable manner. They show thin and short straw, and they have suffered much from grubs in the soil. The lateness of the plant too is something phenomenal. July in Scotland lacked heat so seriously that the heads are barely filling out, or covering the blade. The cutting of ordinary spring oats will not be general before mid-September, and All Hallows E'en will probably see, in the remoter Highlands at least, some fields still out.

PRIZES AT AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—Even at the smaller local Shows it is many years since the prizes were of merely nominal value. Not only the "Royal" with its 5,000*l.*, and wealthy Lancashire with its 3,500*l.*, make the showing of stock a matter of money-hopes and rewards, but we see such third-class Societies as that of Warwick offering 1,400*l.* in prizes, and Northamptonshire 1,150*l.* Against such rewards we have protested, and we do protest. The exhibitors of stock at these Shows are seldom tenant-farmers, to whom 50*l.* would be an object to compete for, but even were the principal prize-winners of this class the uncertainty of obtaining the prize would be always such as to exclude the money obtained thereby from the farmer's budget. He therefore, as well as the stock-fancying nobleman or the cattle-breeding squire, could dispense with these heavy money prizes, which are not only a useless extravagance but do positive harm by creating a special class of "pot-hunters," who sweep off the principal stakes, and deter local farmers and small squires from competing at their own particular district and county Shows.

LOCAL SHOWS are losing a good deal of local attractiveness, and are obtaining less and less of local support in the way of exhibits. The reason for this is not far to seek. The Shows, although nominally local, are mostly general and inter-countal. At a recent Show two hunters were exhibited, one of which had taken twenty-six local prizes, and the other twenty-four. With respect to cattle it has become quite a feature of agricultural criticism to track animals from one Show to another. Scepticism as to the equity of judges' awards is the order of the day, and it is all but impossible to dine at a farmers' ordinary in a market town without hearing strongly-worded complaints based upon Lord Loamshire's Phyllis having been placed second to Squire Weston's Daphne at the Mudford Show, whereas at the Little Peddleton gathering Phyllis took the first prize, and Daphne was not even placed. The remedy is obvious. Let the Royal be open to all counties, let alliances of counties like the Bath and West of England hold their big local Shows, but let county exhibitions require the county residence of the exhibitor before accepting entries.

FARMERS AND FARMING have had a fair share of legislative attention this Session, but those who doubt the benefits which Parliament either does or can confer will have their doubts strengthened by noticing that the advocates of change are divided into two schools, advocating with much fervour alterations destructive of one another. Of the school which had its innings on the Peasant Proprietorship motion of Mr. Jesse Collings more need not now be said than that it is the school of the *doctrinaire* radicals, the Birmingham theorists, the so-called "coming men." Of the other school, that represented by the Government and their Agricultural Holdings Bill, it is clear that their efforts are directed—unconsciously, it may be, but still directed—to the destruction not only of peasant proprietorship, but of all petty holdings. Agricultural land in England returns something under 3 per cent. of its selling value,—thirty-five years' purchase. The advocates of a man's buying his land to work upon it, however, assume that he will borrow the money at 4 to 5 per cent., and the utmost State aid suggested is 3½ per cent. Thus his interest on the mortgage will actually exceed the whole produce of the land over and above actual livelihood, and the peasant proprietor accordingly will sink deeper and deeper into debt, until the farm passes out of his hands into those of the usurers. The abolition of the law of distress will hurry the small tenant farmers to that extinction which the peasant owner cannot avoid by reason of the usance on borrowed money. In bad weather it is the landlord's forbearance

that tides the small farmer over the difficulties of the time, and the abolition of distress, with its inevitable sequence of rent paid in advance, will make of the small farmer's fortune a little vessel foredoomed to founder in the first storm.

CINNAMON CULTURE IN CEYLON

"ABOUT 1770 De Koke conceived the happy idea, in opposition to the universal prejudice in favour of wild-growing cinnamon, of attempting the cultivation of the tree in Ceylon. This project was carried out under Governors Falck and Vander Graff with extraordinary success, so that the Dutch were able, independently of the kingdom of Kandy, to furnish about 400,000 pounds of cinnamon annually, thereby supplying the entire European demand. In fact, they completely ruled the trade, and would even burn the cinnamon in Holland lest its unusual abundance should reduce the price."

So determined were the Dutch to retain the monopoly in the produce of cinnamon that the plants were limited to a certain number, and all above that number destroyed, besides which large quantities of cinnamon, after having been prepared for market, were frequently thrown into the sea or burnt. It is recorded that on the 10th June, 1760, an enormous quantity of cinnamon was wantonly destroyed near the Admiralty at Amsterdam. It was "valued at eight millions of livres, and an equal quantity was burnt on the ensuing day. The air was perfumed with this incense; the essential oils, freed from their confinement, distilled over, mixing in one spicy stream, which flowed at the feet of the spectators, but no person was suffered to collect any of this, nor on pain of heavy punishment to rescue the smallest quantity of the spice from the wasting element."

When Ceylon came into the hands of the English in 1796 the cinnamon trade became a monopoly of the English East India Company, and it was not till 1833 that this monopoly was finally abolished, and the cinnamon trade passed into the hands of merchants and private cultivators.

A very heavy duty to the extent of a third or half its value was imposed upon cinnamon up to within so recent a date as 1853. At the present time by far the largest proportion, as well as the finest quality, is obtained from Ceylon, where extensive plantations exist.

The cinnamon tree, which is very variable in form and size, is known to botanists as *Cinnamomum Zeylanicum*. It is very generally distributed in the Ceylon forests up to an elevation of from 3,000 to 7,000 feet. The best quality bark is obtained from a particular variety, or cultivated form, bearing large irregular leaves. The barks, however, of all the forms are very similar in appearance, and have the same characteristic odour, so that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish the best trees from appearance alone. It is not uncommon, indeed, for the cinnamon peelers when collecting bark from uncultivated plants to taste a small portion before commencing operations, and to pass over some trees as unfit for their purpose. On the south-west coast of Ceylon, on a strip of country some twelve to fifteen miles broad, between Negumbo, Colombo, and Matura, the best quality of cinnamon is found up to an elevation of 1,500 feet. Sir Emerson Tennent states that the five principal gardens in the above district were each from fifteen to twenty miles in circumference. Owing, however, to the enormous extent of coffee cultivation, up to within the last few years many of the cinnamon gardens have given place to coffee, which has since been so seriously devastated by the *Hemileia vastatrix* that coffee-planting has in many plantations been itself abandoned. The management of the cinnamon plantations has been described as similar to that of oak coppice in this country. The plants are pruned to prevent their becoming trees, so that several shoots spring up, four or five of which are allowed to grow for a year or two. At this period the greyish green bark begins to change colour, and to assume a brownish tint. As the shoots arrive at the proper state of maturity, at which time they are usually from six to ten feet high, and from half an inch to two inches thick, they are cut down with a long handled hatchet-shaped knife known as a *catty*, as shown in Fig. 1. The leaves are then stripped off, and the bark slightly trimmed of irregularities, the trimmings being sold as cinnamon chips. It is next cut through at distances of about a foot, and cut down also longitudinally, it is then very easily removed by inserting a small sickle-shaped knife called a *mama* between the bark and the wood. After removal the pieces of bark are carefully put one into another and tied together in bundles. In this state they are left for twenty-four hours, or longer, a kind of fermentation taking place which helps the removal of the outer bark. To effect this each piece of the bark is separately placed on a stick of wood convex on one side, and by carefully scraping with a knife the outer and middle layers are removed. At the expiration of a few hours the smaller quills are placed within the larger, and the bark curling round forms a sort of solid stick, generally about forty inches long. These sticks are kept for a day in the shade to dry, and then placed on wicker trays for final drying in the sun, as shown in Fig. 6, and when thoroughly dried are made into bundles, each weighing about thirty pounds (Fig. 7). Notwithstanding that the cinnamon plant has been introduced into India, Java, China, Senegal, Brazil, West Indies, and other parts of the world, the bark imported from these places is deficient in aromatic qualities, and Ceylon cinnamon still holds its own as the very best quality brought into the market.

The quantity of cinnamon imported into this country in 1881 amounted to 1,736,415 lbs., of the value of 121,176*l.* The chief use of cinnamon is as a spice, but it is also largely used in medicine as a cordial and stimulant.

Our engravings have been made from photographs taken by Messrs. W. L. H. Skeen and Co., of Colombo, which have been recently acquired for the Museum of Economic Botany at Kew, and we are indebted to Sir Joseph Hooker for the loan of them.



THE GROSVENOR GALLERY was visited on Sunday by 920 persons under the auspices of the Sunday Society.

THE WAGNER PERFORMANCES AT BAYREUTH are to be repeated next summer, notwithstanding the small attendance at this year's representations.

THE HAWAIIAN SECTION OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION will shortly contain a number of fresh interesting exhibits which have just been sent over.

A GLACIER GARDEN with glacial millstones and water-worn excavations like those in the Gletscher Garten at Lucerne, has been discovered on the Maloja in the Grisons.

A BABY WHALE has been brought to the Westminster Aquarium from the St. Lawrence. The creature is about 15 feet long and 500 lbs. in weight, and seems well and lively, although its five companions died during the voyage to Liverpool.

LOCUST CURRY is the latest delicacy suggested by Indian epicures. The insects have been so disagreeably plentiful of late that it is proposed to cure them for food, and well-prepared potted locusts are said to prove a dainty by no means to be despised.

ANOTHER ROYAL ARTIST is to be added to the list. The Queen of Denmark, mother of the Princess of Wales, is an accomplished painter, and has lately presented the little village of Klitmøller, in Jutland, with an altar-piece, entirely executed by her own hands.

YET ANOTHER RASH ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE NIAGARA RAPIDS is to be made; this time by a professional swimmer named Bebril, who witnessed the unfortunate Captain Webb's failure. He intends, however, first to throw in a dummy of his own size into the rapids, in order to ascertain the strength and tendency of the whirlpool.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY has been constructed at Brighton from the entrance of the Aquarium to the Chain Pier. Ten persons can travel in the car, which is propelled at the rate of six miles an hour. Electrical tramcars have also been tried in Paris with great success, and it is intended to establish a special line of these cars from the Place de la Concorde to Versailles.

THE LATE GENERAL TOM THUMB was buried with great ceremony at his home, in Connecticut. His body lay in state for two hours, and was visited by 10,000 people, while the funeral took place with full Masonic honours. The grave is surmounted by a marble monument 20 ft. high, topped by his statue, and engraved with the single word "Stratton." This monument was planned during Tom Thumb's life-time.

THE SCHEME OF A SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY promises speedily to be realised. Months ago a Scotch gentleman offered 10,000*l.* towards founding such a gallery, provided a similar sum could be collected, and the Government have now promised to ask for a vote of the necessary amount. Further, they propose to make room for the portraits in the Edinburgh Antiquarian Museum by removing the present collection to the Museum of Science and Art.

THE NEW REPTILE HOUSE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS was opened to the public on Monday, the inmates being allowed a day's rest after their removal to get accustomed to their fresh quarters. The large serpents were put into stout waterproof bags, and thus transferred from the old cages. Now the pythons and similar reptiles occupy the north side of the house, the venomous snakes are at the west, and the harmless snakes at the east end of the building. In the centre crocodiles inhabit a large oval tank flanked on each side by smaller ponds for water tortoises.

THE PRELIMINARY SURVEYS FOR THE SIMPLON TUNNEL have been made by a commission of experts, who have pronounced against the route suggested on account of the extreme heat likely to be encountered in the interior of the mountain—the normal temperature being estimated at nearly 98°—during the construction. In other respects, the geological conditions are quite as favourable as those of St. Gothard. They propose, therefore, a line slightly different from the first proposed, which, though rather longer, would reduce the temperature to about 86 deg., and would afford better opportunities for ventilation.

THE SCREW STEAM SHIP "CEYLON," which twelve months ago returned from a pleasure voyage round the world, and afterwards made a successful trip to the Azores, Madeira, &c., is now being completely refitted at Sunderland, and will start on a Mediterranean voyage, calling at various places of interest, about the second week in October. We understand that the *Ceylon* has been purchased by a new company, and is under new management. When the day of sailing is announced it is intended to adhere strictly to the published arrangement, and the ship will thereafter sail regularly on pleasure cruises.

LONDON MORTALITY considerably decreased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,465 against 1,605 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 140, and 224 below the average, while the death-rate further diminished to 19·3 per 1,000. There were 168 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 86, and 126 below the average), 68 from measles (a decrease of 5), 39 from scarlet fever (an increase of 7), 23 from whooping cough (a decline of 6), 16 from diphtheria (a rise of 3), 6 from enteric fever (a fall of 7), 6 from simple cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a decrease of 3), 1 from small pox (a decline of 5), and 1 from typhus. There were 2,505 births registered against 2,631 in the previous return, being 67 below the average.

A ZOOLOGICAL STATION is to be established at Granton, near Edinburgh. The old Granton Quarry, on the Firth of Forth, will be enclosed so as to allow free ingress and egress to the tide, while preventing the escape of fish and marine animals, with which the quarry will be abundantly stocked. As the quarry has an area of ten acres at high water, with depths varying to sixty feet, there will be ample space for investigations, while a house is to be built on a barge in the enclosure, containing the necessary laboratories, library, &c., for the accommodation of the naturalists in charge. There will also be a second cottage on the shore with a few spare rooms, and a steam pinnace for taking observations in the Firth and the North Sea. Scotch scientific men are warmly supporting the project, and several have undertaken to bear the cost of most of the various buildings, apparatus, &c. The preparations are to be begun at once, and it is hoped that the station will be in working order by November. British and foreign naturalists will be invited to study there free, so far as the accommodation permits.

THE ENORMOUS DRAIN ON GERMANY by the continued emigration of her able-bodied workmen is being very seriously considered throughout the Empire. Some ninety-five per cent. of the emigrants go to the United States, and so not only diminish the productive power of the mother country, but create a damaging competition to purely German products in the American markets. They carry away considerable money and valuables, and while costing their country a round sum for education, bestow the benefits of that education on another land. Two circumstances are mainly responsible for the evil—the pressure of over-government, and the mass of large landed estates which lower the value of labour in the agricultural districts. Thus most of the emigrants come from the country, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* points out that the best method of stopping emigration is to offer practical inducements for the people to stay at home. The journal argues there is plenty of room in the country, for Germany as a whole is only half as densely populated as Belgium, and suggests that small farms should be carefully allotted out for the benefit of the working-classes, and to the destruction of the monopoly of large landed estates.

A VIVID PICTURE OF THE AMERICAN TELEGRAPH STRIKE is drawn by the *New York Herald*. On the appointed day the operators in the Western Union Office at New York were working busily, when at noon precisely one of the clerks sprang on his table, and gave a shrill whistle. The result was instantaneous and startling. "Nearly 400 men and women jumped on their chairs and desks, and gave three deafening cheers, which could be heard through all the clatter of Broadway three blocks off. Three young lady operators, unprepared for the demonstration, fell back in their chairs and fainted. There was a hurried scramble for hats, coats, sticks, and umbrellas, and in another minute the operators had gathered in orderly squads, and marched down the stairs, headed by the young man who had given the signal, and who held his ivory whistle high up like a flag." Only forty-seven telegraphists remained in the operating room. Each striker had stopped instantly at the signal, and the abandoned desks were littered with half-sent telegrams, and piles of messages were waiting to be despatched. One telegram broke off thus:—"The will is all right; aunt leaves you—." Outside the building all traffic was stopped to see the strikers come out, and crowds were ready to shake hands with the telegraphists as they appeared from other offices, strangers congratulating the strikers with as much warmth as if they had been members of a family long separated.



THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK, and the Bishops of Durham, Rochester, and Liverpool, to whom had been entrusted the selection of a new Bishop for the Diocese of Sydney, have recommended for that office the Rev. Canon Barry, Principal of King's College, and ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in the high honours of First Class in the Tripos, Fourth Wrangler, and Smith's prizeman. Dr. Barry, who was appointed Canon of Westminster in 1881, has signified his readiness to accept the nomination.

A CURIOUS PARLIAMENTARY RETURN just issued enumerates the fees which the Archbishop of Canterbury had to pay on his elevation to the Primacy. The grand total is 885*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, of which the Crown Office swallows up 267*l.* 8*s.*, and the Cathedral Officers, Registrars, Vicar-General, &c., 152*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*. Among these last is a fee of 20*l.* 10*s.* to the Dean and Chapter "in lieu of twenty wethers for an entertainment."

AFTER LINGERING over four weeks between life and death the Bishop of Peterborough has begun to show some faint symptoms of amended health. He is still, however, very weak, and not yet out of danger.

WITH reference to the resolution carried unanimously at the London Diocesan Conference last February, "that a General Mission for London should be held in 1884 as in 1874," the Bishop has now decided that there shall be two Missions, one for the Eastern half of the Diocese in November, 1884, and one for the Western portion in February, 1885—"these being the seasons most suitable for the two divisions respectively."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the Bishops of Winchester and Meath will preach at the opening services in connection with the Reading Church Congress in October. Papers will be read on "Recent Advances in Natural History, Biblical Criticism and Historical Discovery, in Relation to the Christian Faith," on "Women's Work," on "The Marriage Laws," on "The Church and the Universities," on "Pauperism and Thrift," on "Purity," and on "Sunday Teaching for Children." The inhabitants of the town have been requested to aid the Reception Committee in accommodating the expected influx of visitors.

THE STRANGE WINDFALL of 1,600*l.* a year awarded, as some of our readers may recollect, by the late Master of the Rolls in

November, 1881, to the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, will now, by decree of Vice-Chancellor Bacon, be distributed for the following Church purposes—300*l.* a year to the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, of which St. George's was an off-shoot; 100*l.* for the maintenance of the mother church of St. George, and 400*l.* to augment the Rector's income; 200*l.* to provide free sittings in Hanover Church, Regent Street; 50*l.* to the incumbents of each of the ten district churches of the parish; and the interest of the accumulated fund of 4,000*l.* paid in 1881 into Court to keep the said churches in good repair. The income was derived from a beneficial interest in the ancient Conduit Head Estate, the concession of which had been obtained by Archbishop Tenison, when Vicar of St. Martin's, to provide a site for a new church. But the church was never built, and the very existence of the trust was forgotten until the facts were accidentally re-discovered some seven years ago by Mr. F. Crane, at that time a churchwarden of St. James's parish.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE for purely pastoral work was concluded last Saturday at Hull. This week the second, or representative Conference of ministers and laymen in equal numbers, met, under the presidency of the Rev. T. McCullagh, for the discussion of financial and economical questions. The total income for the past year was 452,953*l.*, and the total debt 988,166*l.*

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION have instructed counsel to apply for a *mandamus* to compel the Bishop of London to carry out the decree against Mr. Mackonochie. The English Church Union on the other hand are taking steps to test the validity of Lord Penzance's sentence.

THE COMMITTEE appointed by the Archbishop of York to inquire into Ritualistic practices at St. Matthew's, Sheffield, will hold its first sitting on the 13th inst. The proceedings will be private, and both Mr. Ommanney and Mr. Wynn will appear in person.



THE NEW RULES.—Barristers and solicitors seem unanimous in agreeing that the New Rules of Procedure—involving so many important changes—demand ampler consideration than could possibly have been given them in the forty days which are required to elapse between their publication and their becoming law, and which will expire on the 15th inst. Petitions to both Houses have accordingly

been resolved upon by the Bar Committee and the Incorporated Law Society, praying for their annulment "in order that, if thought fit, they may be re-issued, after due consideration by the public and the profession."

AFTER ALL THE COMPLAINTS of the last few months the New Courts of Justice have been pronounced by Mr. Justice Williams, without any dissentient voice from Bar or Bench, to be almost as convenient within as they are undeniably "a thing of beauty" from the outside. The provisions for ventilation are said to be perfect, and the acoustic arrangements, if not quite so faultless, at least exhibit a marked improvement.

A DECISION OF MUCH IMPORTANCE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS was given last week in the Appeal Court in the suit of Nottage and Another v. Jackson. The plaintiffs, who carry on business as the London Stereoscopic Company, had sent last year one of their artists to Kennington Oval to take a photograph of the Australian cricketers, and the defendant had purchased a copy, had it reprinted in Germany, and now sold the copies for his own profit. His contention was that the plaintiffs, though registered as such, could not be called "authors" within the meaning of the Copyright Act, and the judgment of the Court below in his favour has now been confirmed upon appeal. The term "author" in the case of a photograph can only apply, so the Lord Justices ruled, to the actual operator.

A VERY WANTON PIECE OF MISCHIEF has been very slightly punished by the fine of 10*s.* imposed at the Lambeth Police Court on Selwyn Edge, of Odessa House, Belvedere Road, Norwood Road, for discharging shot from a catapult at the birds on the ornamental lake at the Crystal Palace. For some time it seems the Palace Company have been anxious to raise a number of swans, and for an equal period the British 'Arry has been actively bent on killing or maiming them. Unluckily for himself, Mr. Edge's skill as a marksman is hardly equal to his love of mischief, and aiming at a young swan he hit a gentleman rowing on the lake. Complaint was made, and the boatmen, who had long had their suspicions, caught Mr. Edge in the very act of firing. Denial and evasion were tried in vain, and the similarity of the strange shots found in the wounded birds to those in the possession of the offender converted suspicion into certainty.

LORD COLERIDGE's visit to the United States will be the occasion of an official reception, at which the American Government will be represented by the United States Attorney-General. The Bench and Bar of Toronto have invited him to a public dinner in that city.

AT THE INSTANCE of the Incorporated Law Society the Queen's Bench Division have made absolute the rule nisi for striking Mr. Boynes, the attorney in the recent money-lending attempt to defraud an actress, off the roll of solicitors.

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Mr. W. WALKER, Stainway, near Carlisle.

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CHOLERA.

The *New York Herald*, of July 11, says that a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England predicts for this year a general attack of cholera in EVERY QUARTER of the GLOBE.

The reports of the ravages of this dreadful disease in Egypt, India, and China are already exciting the fears of all other nations.

All things are propitious for a fearful spread of the disease should it once reach our shores, and in view of this fact it is wise for us all to be prepared to intelligently battle with it.

G. P. S. Fallai, B.A., B.L., a distinguished member of the Madras High Court Bar in India, who received the highest medical education at the Ceylon Batticotta University, and who for over twenty years has nobly devoted his talents gratuitously to the care of cholera patients in India, has, at his own expense, and without solicitation, published for free distribution a short treatise on the nature and treatment of cholera.

In this pamphlet, after describing various modes of treating the disease, he says (page 7): "In this connection I may as well state that PERRY DAVIS' (American) PAIN KILLER, which I think is composed of cayenne pepper, camphor, &c., &c., has saved many lives under my hands for the last twenty years. It must be given in doses of one drachm with twelve drachms of warm water after each motion. The stomach and bowels should, at the same time, be bathed with PAIN KILLER undiluted." Dr. Perry Davis's prescription is as follows:

TAKE A TEASPOONFUL OF THE PAIN KILLER IN WATER (HOT IF CONVENIENT), SWEETENED WITH LOAF SUGAR, EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES, BATHING THE STOMACH AND BOWELS FREELY WITH THE PAIN KILLER CLEAR AT THE SAME TIME, IF THE ATTACK BE SEVERE, AND ATTENDED WITH CRAMPS AND DIARRHŒA, INCREASE THE DOSE, AND REPEAT IT OFTENER, USING ALSO HOT FOMENTATIONS ON THE BOWELS.

IN EXTREME CASES THE DOSE MAY BE INCREASED TO A TEASPOONFUL, AND TAKEN WITH AS MUCH CASTOR-OIL. THE DOSE FOR A CHILD UNDER ONE YEAR IS FROM ONE TO TWENTY DROPS; BETWEEN ONE AND TWO YEARS, TWENTY TO THIRTY DROPS; OVER TWO YEARS, HALF A TEASPOONFUL; AND IT SHOULD BE GIVEN IN MILK AND WATER (OR MILK) SWEETENED WITH LOAF-SUGAR, OR WITH CASTOR-OIL; BATHING AND USING HOT FOMENTATIONS, AS ABOVE.

In the treatment of this and most other diseases of the stomach or bowels, the PAIN KILLER may be given with castor oil, in the proportion of one-part PAIN KILLER to three parts castor oil, with success.

PAIN KILLER, in the great Cholera plague of 1849, in the United States, was the most successful medicine employed in the relief and cure of the scourge.

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All persons are advised to purchase the PAIN KILLER, and to have it in their houses and ready to be taken and applied on the slightest symptoms of the disease.

Families going into the country for the summer should remember that they will save the children a great deal of pain, and avoid calling the doctor, if they are thoughtful enough to carry a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. This medicine is a standard specific for all cases of cramps, colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, or dysentery. A tea-spoonful is a dose for an adult, but twenty drops are sufficient for a child.

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ALL ATTEMPTS at ANALYSIS have failed to discover its composition.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—*See the Times*, July 13, 1884.

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THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM the VICEROY'S Chemists, Simla.—January 5, 1880.
To J. T. DAVENPORT, Esq., London.

Dear Sir,—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances of the efficacy of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleric Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the satisfaction of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.

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DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

I was too dumbfounded to speak.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &c.

CHAPTER IX. (continued)

"I DON'T want to stand between father and son," I said, with a twinge of conscience as I remembered how my enthusiasm in this matter had cooled down. "I made up my mind from the first that I would bring them together again if I could. Don't you think yourself that I ought?"

She did not answer at first; but presently she said slowly, "Yes; I think you ought."

"Then," said I, "you may be sure that I shall try."

"But I hope you won't succeed," she added.

"Why not?"

"Oh, one may wish one's friends to be heroic; but one is not bound to wish that they should be turned out into the cold."

"I shouldn't mind that a bit," I declared, "if you thought me heroic for doing it. Maud, there's nothing I wouldn't do to please you. I care a great deal more for one word from you than for all the houses and lands in Norfolk."

"Won't you catch cold, if you stand up to your knees in water much longer?" she asked, altogether disregarding this hyperbolic compliment.

"What can I do?" said I. "I'm afraid I couldn't get into the punt without upsetting it."

"I beg you will not attempt any such thing. But I see no reason why you should not return to the bank."

"And shout across the water to you? No, thank you; I prefer to stay where I am. Maud," I continued, resting my arms on the edge of the punt, and looking up into her face (for the mention of the circumstance that our names had been coupled together by Mrs. Farquhar had greatly emboldened me)—"Maud, do you know why I kept away from Thirby at Easter?"

"I can't imagine," she replied, with something disagreeably like a quiver of suppressed laughter in her voice. "What can have been your motive? Did you withdraw into a sequestered nook in order to carry on your studies without danger of interruption?"

"No," I returned somewhat tartly; "I didn't. I went larking about the country in a dog-cart with another fellow. After the way you had behaved about Scamp, I was sure you didn't care to see me, and I wasn't going to come home only to be made miserable. So I thought I would enjoy myself and forget you; only of course I couldn't; and— But what is the use of my saying all this?" I broke off. "I believe you know it all; I believe you know everything, really."

"Know everything?" she repeated, turning round with raised eyebrows.

"I mean, everything that there is to know about me. You know that—" I came to a full stop here; checked by the thumping of

my heart, and by the sinking sensation which always precedes a leap or a plunge. However, I conquered it at once, and ended my sentence in a perfectly unequivocal manner—"You know that I love you."

She made no reply, but sat perfectly motionless, with her head still turned away from me; and so long did this silence continue that at last I was obliged to repeat in a tone of entreaty, "You do know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I know you think so," she said, quietly.

"Think so!" I cried—"think so! You might as well say that I think I am alive. If I can be sure of anything in the world, I am sure of my love for you. And I doubt whether she heard much of the eager asseverations which I proceeded to pour forth; for she jumped up abruptly, while I was in the midst of my harangue, and said it was time to go home. "Will you pull the punt to the bank, please, and let me get out."

"Very well," I said; "but you will give me an answer before you go?"

"Let me land first." And presently she laid her hand lightly on

my shoulder, and sprang ashore, saying calmly, "Good night, Charley."

"And my answer?" said I.

She laughed, as she looked down upon me from the bank. "You haven't asked me anything," she observed. "You have only been making statements; and they don't require an answer."

"Then," I returned, "I will ask you something now. Maud, whatever you may say, you know that I love you. Do you?—can you?"

"That's enough," she interrupted, "I don't want you to ask any more. Supposing—only you are not to suppose anything of the kind, please—that I had an inclination to—to feel in the way you mean, I should consider it an imperative duty to stifle that inclination."

"An imperative duty?" I echoed doubtfully, being unable to distinguish her features in the waning light, and having a painful suspicion that she was laughing at me.

"Oh, yes; just as you feel it your duty to seek out young Mr. Le Marchant and put him in your place, you know. Duty so often compels us to turn away from brilliant prospects, unfortunately."

By this time I had scrambled up the bank to her side, and was able to convince myself of the mortifying fact that she was positively and literally laughing. "I must say that I did not expect you to make fun of me!" I exclaimed wrathfully.

"I am not making fun of you, Charley," she answered; "or, at least, only a very little. But don't you think it is better not to be too serious over it? In a few years', or perhaps a few months' time you won't look back upon it as having been a very serious matter yourself, and you mustn't be angry with me because I can see a little further into the future than you can. There is nothing wonderful in your thinking me perfection just now; because I happen to be the only girl of decent birth and education in the neighbourhood; but it would be very wonderful indeed if you continued to think so after meeting numbers of better-looking, better-dressed, and cleverer women—as you certainly must do before you are much older."

"That wonder will take place," I declared firmly.

"We shall see. Meanwhile will you do me a small favour?"

"A thousand."

"You are too liberal; I only ask for one. It is that you will not refer to this subject again."

"That is absurd!" I exclaimed. "I am willing to do anything in reason; but I can't perform impossibilities, and I don't think you ought to require them of me."

"Then you will drive me out of the county, that is all," she said, turning away. "The Savilles have asked me to go and stay with them; but I meant to decline, because I thought I should have a pleasant summer here, now that you and George Warren have come back, and very likely it will be the last that we shall spend together. Now, however, I shall be obliged to go;—though it will be very inconvenient in many ways."

This threat brought me down on my knees, so to speak, at once. Sooner than that Maud should go away I was ready to consent to anything—almost anything. I promised to submit: all I entreated was that she would give me just one word of hope to keep me going, and that at least she would believe in the sincerity of my love. If she could not give me credit for constancy, I was sorry for it: only time could convince her that she was wronging me there. As for me, I knew that I could never change. "Whether you care for me or whether you forget me, Maud, it will always be just the same. There may be numbers of women in the world superior to you, as you say; but I shall never think so; and I will not give up the hope of winning you some day until I find that you love another man."

I did not obtain much from her in return for a great many vows such as these; but she did not refuse to listen to me, and that, I thought, was a good sign. "It is agreed, then," she said at last, "that you are not to speak like this again."

"Until when?"

"Until—until—oh, I don't know. Until I give you leave."

"But that may be never," I said dolorously.

"It may be never," she agreed, smiling. "Still, while there is life there is hope; and as you mean never to change, it won't matter if you have to wait some little time."

"You don't forbid me to hope, then?" I cried eagerly.

She did not answer; but she did not withdraw her hand, of which I had managed to gain possession, and I repeated my appeal,—

"You don't forbid me to hope?"

I suppose that neither she nor I can have had all our faculties about us at that moment; otherwise we must surely have heard footsteps drawing near. Certain it is that we were both thrown into the most extreme discomfiture when my uncle's voice, close to my ear, said, "I don't know whether you are aware, Charley, that it is half-past eight o'clock, and that dinner is over. My mother has sent me out to look for you, preparatory to giving orders for having the Broad dragged." And I believe that it was to spare our blushes that the dear old fellow pretended only at that moment to recognise Maud. "Bless me! can that be Miss Dennison?" he ejaculated. "My dear young lady, your father will be in a fine fright! You must allow us to see you home. On these long evenings one is apt to forget to look at one's watch."

I was too dumbfounded to speak; for I was sure that my uncle could not have helped overhearing my last words; but Maud, who should have found the situation even more awkward than I did, recovered herself with feminine rapidity.

"My father won't feel anxious, Mr. Le Marchant," she said; "because he has gone to Norwich to see the Bishop. And you must not think of seeing me home, thank you; I am quite accustomed to walk about by myself."

My uncle, however, would take no refusal. His old-fashioned ideas of courtesy rendered it absolutely imperative upon him to escort belated ladies to their own door, and he was not the man to allow any inconvenience attendant upon walking through muddy copses and lanes in thin evening shoes to deter him from the execution of his duty. Presently, therefore, Miss Dennison set off homewards under efficient protection, she and my uncle beguiling the way with bland conversation, while I remained silent, and wondered what they were thinking about all the time. Probably neither of them was very sorry when the Rectory was reached; but they kept up appearances in a highly creditable manner to the last moment, and parted with the usual interchange of polite speeches.

When we had said good night, and had turned our faces towards the Hall, my uncle did not take my arm, as it was his general custom to do when we were alone; and I knew that he was displeased with me, though he said nothing. Perhaps he was waiting for me to speak first. However, I thought I would leave it to him to break the ice; and, after a while, he did so in a manner which rather startled me.

"Charley," he said, "this will never do. I am sorry to have to say it; but I must say that I am disappointed in you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I owe you an apology for having played the cavedropper," he went on, without noticing my interruption; "but I hope you know that I should never do such a thing intentionally."

I said I was quite sure of that.

"No; I should never have done it intentionally," he repeated; "and indeed I caught no more than two or three words. Such as they were, though, there was no misunderstanding them, and I am afraid I must take it that, when I came up, you were in the act of making Miss Dennison an offer of marriage."

"It wasn't exactly that," I murmured.

"Not an offer of marriage? Then, may I inquire what it was?"

"It was a—sort of a—oh, you know," I answered, finding accurate definition quite beyond me. "I didn't say a word about

marriage; we never got as far as that; and of course I should have had no right to talk about marrying. One can't marry upon twopence halfpenny a year."

"And do you think," asked my uncle, "that it is a gentlemanlike or an honourable thing to speak to a girl of love when you are not able to speak to her of marriage?"

I answered, somewhat confusedly, that I had not thought of the matter in that way.

"That is exactly what I complain of," he rejoined; "you ought to have thought of it. I don't know what answer Miss Dennison may have given you—"

"She gave me no answer at all. That is to say, she only told me not to do it again."

"I am very glad to hear it. Still, it is no thanks to you that she has been preserved from placing herself in a false position. Even as it is, I don't see how she is to meet you again without great discomfort."

"But it is agreed that I am to say no more about it—for the present."

"Oh!—that is agreed?"

"Yes. And surely," I went on, in a somewhat injured tone, "you don't object to her personally. You wouldn't mind my looking forward to marrying her some day. You don't want me to go in for an heiress, or anything of that kind."

"My dear fellow, I am thinking of her just now, not of you. No; I have not the smallest objection to Miss Maud: on the contrary, I think that she is a very charming young lady, and that the man who wins her will be a particularly lucky man. Only, as you will not be either old enough or rich enough to think of marrying for some years to come, I doubt whether you will be that man; and therefore I say that it was a thoughtless and selfish thing to try and get an answer out of her. Do I understand you to say that she is perfectly free?"

"Perfectly and absolutely. She gave me nothing approaching to a promise."

"Then," said my uncle, after a few minutes of silence, "I dare say we may be able to save her from further annoyance. I must think it over."

"But I don't consider myself free," I observed. "I told her that I should marry her or nobody, and I mean to keep my word."

"I have nothing to say against that: that is a matter which concerns you alone. All I wish to impress upon you is, that you should hold your peace until you have something besides fidelity to offer."

"Well, I suppose you are right," I said. "I admit that I ought not to have spoken—only I couldn't help it."

"Ah, I think you could have helped it if you had thought a little more of her and less of yourself, Charley," answered my uncle. He added, very characteristically, "Nevertheless, it is difficult for an old man to judge a young one justly. I am afraid I can't retract the meaning of anything that I have said; but perhaps the words I used may have been too harsh. If they were, I beg your pardon."

At the time I thought he had been decidedly too hard upon me. I don't think so now; but perhaps that may be because I am no longer young myself.

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE SUCCOURS BEAUTY IN DISTRESS

EARLY the next day my uncle mounted his horse and rode away for some destination unknown, leaving a message to the effect that he would probably not be back in time for luncheon. It was very seldom that he absented himself from that meal, except when called away on magisterial business; and upon this occasion both Mrs. Farquhar and I were led to conclude that there was something in the wind. That that something was not unconnected with the discovery which had been made on the previous evening seemed to me more than probable; but Mrs. Farquhar, who was without that clue to the general situation, and who was afflicted with one of those restless minds which are for ever probing into the causes of things, exhausted herself in conjectures, and plied me with abrupt queries, until I began to fear that, if she did not extract my secret from me, she would at least find out that I had a secret to be extracted—which would be very nearly as bad.

To escape from this danger I left the house, and walked down to the woods in search of Bunce, whom I found, as I had expected to do, in a clearing, where a number of hen-coops had been set up for the young pheasants. Bunce, with his hands in the pockets of his old velvet coat, was bending anxiously over some of the more delicate of his nurslings; and he said that that there bending and stooping was the very doose and all for the lumbagy; also that the rearing of young birds was enough to break a man's heart, let alone his back. He further remarked that some men was ignorant of their business and a many was too lazy to attend to it; but that his motto was, Do your dooty, no matter what it costs you. If you didn't get no thanks, you should have bore in mind, if you was a sensible man, that you hadn't ought to to have expected none; such being the way of the world. He proceeded, with his usual modesty, to insinuate that he was himself the only keeper worthy to be so called in the county; after which he straightened himself up and made a slow examination of me from head to foot, as though to estimate the probability of my achieving a success approaching his in my own calling in life.

"So they're a-goin' to put you into the furrin ministerial business, I hear, Mr. Chawls," said he.

I replied that I was going into the diplomatic service, if that was what he meant.

"Ah! Well, I ain't seen no Ambassadors, not as I can call to mind; but I seen some o' them Colony Governors, with a deal of gold lace about 'em and their cocked hats under their arms. Shouldn't ha' knowed 'em from Lord Mayor's flunkies myself. But there! it takes all kind o' folks to make up a world, as they say. I'd rather ha' heard you was to wear Her Majesty's uniform, Mr. Chawls."

"Well, I am going to wear Her Majesty's uniform, Bunce."

"So you are, sir, to be sure. Though 'tis more like a livery, by my way o' thinking. And how long might you be likely to stick to that trade, sir, if I may ask?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," I answered. "All my life, I dare say."

Bunce shook his head. "Tain't for me to speak," said he; "but accordin' to my notions, sir, your place is at Thirby, and not in furrin parts. Squire he'll be that lonely when you're gone, I don't know what we're to do with him. He do get terrible low at times—don't seem to take what I call an interest in things. What does he want to send you off o' sight for? 'Tis my belief as that there old woman's at the bottom of it, with her everlastin' schemes and minoovers. Take care as she don't play you some dirty trick, sir, soon as your back's turned. Clear enough it is to me what she's a-drivin' at, and if she could get her own way, you'd never have a acre o' this here property to call your own, Mr. Chawls."

"I know what you mean, Bunce," I said; "but you're wrong. I'm getting rather tired of hearing my chances of inheriting this property talked about; but at the present moment Mrs. Farquhar is quite as anxious that I should get the place as you can be, and a great deal more so than I am myself—I don't mind telling you that much."

"So you may think, sir; so you may think. But Lord love you! you don't understand the plaguy ways o' women yet; and she's a deep one, she is! I wouldn't trust her no further than I could see

her—no; nor yet as fur! And as for not bein' anxious to get Thirby, why, that's a kind o' foolishness as you'll find yourself grow out of wonderful quick, sir. There's worse things in this wicked world than a fine old house and a nice estate and a good head o' game and—"

"And an unrivalled gamekeeper to look after it, eh?"

"Many a true word, sir, is spoke in jest," remarked Bunce sententiously. "Squire knows what these here coverts is now, and what they was twenty years ago; though he never cared much for sport himself. And here he comes. Now, I'd lay half-a-crown to a sixpence he don't so much as ask a question about them young birds."

Bunce would have won his bet if he had found a taker; for my uncle, who presently joined us, contented himself with inquiring civilly after Mrs. Bunce's health—as if Mrs. Bunce had ever been known to be anything but well!—and led me away without even glancing at his pheasants.

"I have been to lunch with the Warrens, Charley," he said, as soon as we were beyond the range of Bunce's sharp ears, "and I am glad to say that I have concluded an arrangement which I hope you will think satisfactory. I wrote to you, as you may remember, some time ago that I doubted whether it would be worth your while to return to Oxford and take your degree; and what happened yesterday quite decided me to carry out a plan which I had already been turning over in my mind, and to send you abroad for a year or thereabouts. Before you can enter the diplomatic service you will have to pass an examination in modern languages and a few other subjects, which is not a very hard one, I believe, but which will require a certain amount of reading up; and I fancied that you would get through this necessary work more profitably as well as more pleasantly if you were travelling with a tutor—"

"A tutor!" I interrupted, in dismay; for the truth was that this proposition appeared to me to cast a cruel slight upon the dignity of my years.

"A coach, if you prefer the term—some one to read with you. I did not mean to suggest that he should take a birch in his portmanteau. Well; it occurred to me that George Warren might be willing to see something of foreign lands before settling down to his profession; so I rode over this morning and laid my proposal before him and his father. They were both very ready to agree to it; only George had some conscientious scruples on the score of his teaching capacities, which I made so bold as to overrule. Now, what do you think?"

"Oh, if it's only old George—" I said. "I suppose it is quite decided that I am to go, in any case?"

"Well, yes; unless you can bring forward some very good reason for your remaining in England. And even then," added my uncle with a smile, "I am afraid I should have to drive you out of Norfolk for some time to come. I deplore the necessity, and so, no doubt, do you; but it exists, and we can't escape from it."

Under these circumstances, I thought I might as well give a gracious assent. In the course of the night and morning I had considered my position, and had found fair ground for hope in the fact that Maud had not said No; which she might so easily have done, if she had not contemplated saying Yes at some future date.

During the intervening period it would perhaps be rather to my advantage that I should keep myself out of sight. Moreover, since it appeared that I was to be allowed no choice in the matter, I felt entitled, without self-reproach, to admit the thought that it would not be bad fun to knock about the Continent of Europe with so docile and pliant a companion as I knew that George would prove. What I did not quite anticipate was my uncle's announcement that we were to start in three days' time. I pleaded for a little longer delay; but he was inexorable; and when he asked me why I wanted to put off the evil day, I had no answer to give.

Maud must have understood perfectly well the cause of my forcible removal from the scene; but she expressed her surprise and regret, when we met, as naturally as if she had never in her life sat in a punt among the reeds of Thirby Broad, and she and my uncle bore themselves towards one another with so elaborate a show of innocent unconsciousness, that I could hardly watch them together and keep my countenance. Mrs. Farquhar, on the other hand, neither understood nor approved of the hasty decision which had been arrived at, and gave it as her opinion that Bernard had just taken leave of his senses. Did anybody ever hear of such a thing as removing a young man from the University in the midst of his career and throwing him headlong among all the temptations and dangers of those dark Popish lands! She protested against such madness with all the power of her tongue up to the end; and I greatly fear that my poor uncle had a bad time of it with her after we were gone.

At the last moment I transgressed so far as to whisper impressively to Maud, like Charles I. to Bishop Juxon, "Remember!" My exact meaning may not have been more clear to her than that of the ill-fated King has been to historians; nor, for that matter, did I know very well myself what I meant; but the fact was that I had not the opportunity to say more than one word, and this seemed as comprehensive a one as could be chosen. She smiled very slightly, but did not favour me with any other response, verbal or tacit; and so we parted.

I can see her now as I saw her then, standing upon the steps at Thirby in the morning sunshine, while I scramble up into the dog-cart in which George has already taken his place; I can see the Rector, who has just arrived in a desperate hurry, as usual, mopping his forehead with a brilliant silk pocket-handkerchief; and my uncle, looking up at me a little sadly; and Mrs. Farquhar, with her cap adrift, owing to natural agitation; and the impassive Cooper in the background. From the gates of the stable-yard hard by, Bunce and half-a-dozen other friends of humbler position grin their farewells and their wishes for a pleasant journey and a speedy return. It is difficult to believe that this happened more than thirty years ago, and that the place which once knew all those kindly faces so well knows them no more.

Thirty years ago travelling abroad was not the commonplace, matter-of-fact sort of business that it is to-day. Railways there were; but they were few in number and did not extend very far south; national types were more strongly marked, or were at any rate more perceptible to the tourist; the tourist himself was a person of distinct individuality, with whom, as he wended his leisurely way, people stopped to speak, instead of being, as he is now, one of a horde, whom they stand aside to let pass; inns were good or bad, cheap or dear, as the case might be; they were not all bad nor all dear; coffee was still to be had in France, good manners had not yet gone out of fashion in Italy, nor honesty in Switzerland. In other words, I was twenty years of age in the middle of the present century; whereas the century and I are both becoming a little *passé* now. I say that the Continent was a far pleasanter place to wander over in the year 1852 than it is in 1883, and I don't care who maintains the contrary. As for my companion and me, we set foot upon it at Calais with sensations of wonder and delight such as I cannot conceive any young man of the present day capable of experiencing. Everything was new to us; and in search of further novelty we had only to move where we pleased and as far as we pleased, east, west, or south; for our instructions had been of a vague and liberal order. The only restriction laid upon us bore reference to Paris, in which gay city my uncle considered that a stay of three or four weeks at the outside would be enough for all legitimate purposes; and I suppose that was why we headed for Paris at once, and remained there to the last day of our permitted month.

(To be continued)



BOTH the title and the matter of Mrs. Scott-Stevenson's "On Summer Seas" (Chapman and Hall) make us long to follow the delightful round which she describes. The title is not wide enough, for Austria and Hungary are included in her route; and we are glad that it is so, for a brighter account of Vienna and the Prater and Pesth and the Danube steamers we never read. As in our authoress's other books, there is a good deal about her husband. Here is a story of which we cannot help giving the substance. Captain Stevenson speaks no German, and of course no Magyar; and the way in which, at a grand athletic meeting, he installed himself in the stewards' stand, and kept his ground, despite the visits of several gentlemen with badges, simply by asking: "Parlez vous Russe, Monsieur?" is a greater credit to Magyar politeness than to his linguistic knowledge. In England it would have fared ill with a foreigner who insisted on forcing himself into a like position. Mrs. Scott-Stevenson never gushes, but is always full of fun; she is full, moreover, of facts; such as the purchase of land round Baalbec by Englishmen, which, when one comes to think of it, is a step in the right direction, all the Levant having been unaccountably neglected, except by traders, since the Crusades. A sprinkling of landlords like Sir R. Wood would be a barrier against the odious Levantine, who in this volume gets gibbeted by Mrs. Scott-Stevenson as he deserves. Little the fellow cares for that if he can go on picking up piastres. We do hope what is here said about rascally dragomans and *valets de place*, many of them the *employés* of a firm of Spanish Jews, may have the effect of lessening their gains. These men are survivors only kept alive by the absurd ways of English and, above all, American travellers, who deserve the fleeing they get. Equally clear-sighted are our authoress's remarks on the Turks, "the least pitied, and the most worthy of compassion, of all Eastern nations." Believing, as we do, that Mr. Gladstone's ignorance is vincible, we think he will retract his famous "bag and baggage" sentence if he reads how far superior the Turk is to the Greek, the Arab, or the Syrian. "If the British House of Commons had to deal with twenty Irelands instead of one, it would perhaps understand the difficulties of Turkey, and be more generous in its judgment of Turks."

"On Summer Seas" fills over 400 pp. of big octavo; Miss Caroline Corner has packed "My Visit to Styria" (J. Burns) into thirty pages duodecimo. She manages, nevertheless, to give us a very adequate picture of the scenery, and to paint in glowing colours life in a Styrian *château*. The book is a graceful tribute to hospitality such as few visitors either to Styria or anywhere else can hope to meet with. This world would be Utopia if it contained many people like the Baroness Von Vay.

Yet another lady's travel book, "A Year in the Andes" (London Literary Society), by Mrs. Carnegie Williams, tells all about life in Bogota, as unlike life in a Styrian *château* as possible. Mrs. Williams did not come in for a Passion Play; but at Corpus Christi she saw a representation of the killing of Absalom, and also of the story of Judith, that strong-minded young lady, owing to some confusion between her and Jael, being furnished with a silver hammer and nails. Mrs. Williams (like the lady who is immortalised in Cowper's ballad) has a prudent mind, and tells us how she sold her household goods when they were leaving for England. She also warns visitors to Bogota to be sure to bring a mantilla with them, else they can't be admitted to the Cathedral. Lace and all it will cost a pound, while on the spot the commonest cannot be bought for less than 5s.

Of very different calibre from any of these are Signor Gallenga's "Iberian Reminiscences" (Chapman and Hall). They have all the brightness of Mrs. Scott-Stevenson combined with a solid basis of politics which that lady would certainly not claim for her charming sketches. Whether he is giving his searching yet guarded *résumé* of Queen Isabella's doings and of the reign of Prim and the other king-makers; or talking of the Duke of Montpensier and the San Telmo oranges; or describing the Wellington estate near Grenada and its English manager, I on Horacio, who must have almost welcomed his dismissal by the Duke, so hard did he find it to get steady work out of a Southern peasantry; or taking us to the Huelva lead mines, or to Montserrat, or the Escorial, Signor Gallenga has always something new to tell, or some old fact to put in a new light which we at once recognise is the only light in which it can be properly seen, wondering at the same time how it was never thought of so looking at it before. In one matter our author differs notably from most travellers—he finds chivalry in a bull-fight. "The mutual generosity and chivalrous forbearance of men and beasts to one another is its only redeeming feature." The bull, it appears, carefully discriminates non-combatants from *torreadores*, and "these never strike unless they have goaded the creature into a charge." That is certainly a new way of looking at it. Of course Signor Gallenga has many shrewd hits at the French, though he does not explain how it is they and not we set the fashion in thought and everything else in the Peninsula. Real war, even a Carlist war, is always exciting, and Signor Gallenga saw a good deal of it, and of the havoc it wrought on the frontier; his conviction was that the Basques only wanted peace, "if Pretenders and politicians would but leave them alone." The view of "Spain and her Government" in his last chapter deserves careful study, though it is patent enough that one of her crying evils is the plethora of officers in the army and of place-men and place-hunters in the State. The Italian army has only a quarter the Spanish proportion of officers to men, but we fear in civil life Italy suffers under the same evil as her neighbour; nor can we help thinking that Signor Gallenga had his own Chamber in view when he noted the sonorous verbosity which is the staple of the Spanish Cortes. True to his title, he carries us on into Portugal; sharply marking the contrast between Madrid, the city of noise, and quiet, sober Lisbon.

If good wine needs no bush, "Brachet's Public School French Grammar, Part I.—Accidence" (Hachette) ought to need no recommendation. This new edition, however, is almost a new work, and the name of Gustave Masson, one of its four editors, is warrant for its completeness. How much the schoolboy world owes to M. Brachet for his little philological dictionary on the lines afterwards completed by M. Littré, it would be hard to say; nor does it owe him less as a grammarian. It is a leap in advance of our old methods for a boy to be taught that *posse* was as early as the sixth century placed by *potere* (whence *pouvoir*), and that *volere* (whence *vouloir*) Low (i.e., usual, non-book) Latin for *velle*. The appendices are valuable; they include the new words and the changes in old words in the Academy's dictionary of 1877, the nouns that have changed their gender in passing from Latin to French, &c. We are glad to be able to add that the index is copious and good. This ought to be the class-book in all classical schools, and indeed in every place where any attention is paid to comparative grammar.

A satisfactory life of Handel has long been a desideratum. It is strange that, except the little-read Mainwaring, we have nothing in English beyond Dr. Burney's few notes about one whose name is only second as a household word to Shakespeare's. We put Schelcher's book aside, for (as Mr. Grove remarks) it is disfigured by rampant partiality. Why such a tried writer and able musician as Mr. Rockstro should be backed with Mr. Grove's voucher we know not; but we are sure the reader's verdict on "The Life of G. F. Handel"

(Macmillan) will be that of Mr. Grove—it is sure to please the general public, and at the same time to interest the scientific reader. On the vexed question of Handel's borrowings Mr. Rockstro, though not thorough enough to wholly satisfy Mr. Grove, enables the reader to form a fair judgment. He shows (from the occurrence of *del* where, had the meaning been "composed by," it would have been *dal*) that Dionigi Erba was not the author of the famous unfinished Latin *Magnificat*; and that Dom Francesco Antonio Urto, to whom the Dettingen *Te Deum* has been attributed, is the very shadow of a shade. Handel's early struggles against his father's dislike of music as a profession are prettily told.

Mr. Hasell, author of some volumes in the "Foreign Classics" series, has imparted a good deal of freshness to the well-worn subject of "Bible Partings" (Blackwood). The work is a very storehouse for those who have to give cottage lectures, and to teach Bible classes of intelligent pupils. We are glad that he is alive to difficulties. In the parting of the old prophet and the man of God, for instance, he notes the unequal punishment so often meted out to the tempter and the tempted. To him this "omittance, which is not quite," is sure proof of a hereafter.

The Rev. David Davies's "Echoes from the Welsh Hills" (Alexander and Shephard, Holborn) ought to be read by all tourists to the Principality who care to know something about the people among whom they mean to sojourn. What the old Welsh Church was like when Bishop Hughes, of St. Asaph, held in 1587 sixteen of the richest livings in *commendam*, and when most Welsh parsons, not content with the license given by the Reformation, stuck to the old fashion of keeping concubines, how Welsh Nonconformity arose, and how much it owed to the fact that for generations no native was appointed to a Welsh bishopric, or, indeed, to any high position in the Church—all this is told in a very hearty if somewhat one-sided way. For there is another side to it all; the Welsh Church has not been without its apostles, to one at least of whom, Daniel Rowlands, Mr. Davies bears full testimony. We wish an *evrenikon* was possible, if only that the scenery might cease to be deformed with those hideous chapels which so often mar a lovely prospect. It surely is a case for "levelling up." Don't destroy the Welsh Establishment, but let it enlarge its borders; and educate the Nonconformist up to its level. There is no real doctrinal difference between the Church and Dissent in Wales. We must say a word about the illustrations; they are excellent and full of character, as we should expect from their author, Mr. T. H. Thomas, the illustrator of a book which we had occasion to praise some time ago—Mr. Wirt Sykes' "British Goblins."

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

THE old-fashioned gardens which most distinctly dwell in my memory were all in the North of England. One, which was rather long and narrow, lay at the back of an old rambling house, which had once been the Hall of the village, but was then used as a school, and sloped down to a little beck, beyond which lay green fields. A high wall at one end had an arched doorway in it which had been blocked up, and, being overshadowed by thick trees from the further side, lent a suggestion of mystery which was not without its attraction.

Another, on the borders of Scotland, lay just at the foot of a gentle hill slope, and its lowest boundary was a high, somewhat rusty iron railing, with ancient stone pillars at intervals, surmounted by equally ancient vases, and bearing the shields and devices of some of the former owners. Through the railings you looked on to a field of barley just turning, as I remember it, with the summer sun, and softly stirred by the summer breeze; and beyond the barley, which formed only a narrow strip, without any hedge or further boundary, a little stretch of grass brought you to the edge of a noble river. An ancient stone structure set between two of the old pillars, its large slabs cracked and weather-stained, and its lower portion hidden by bushes and a plentiful growth of unchecked weeds and briars, and which marked the resting-place of some of the ancient owners of the garden in the days when a stately old house crowned the hill slope, helped to make one look on the garden as a survival from a dim, distant past, and not as belonging to modern life at all.

But the garden which is chiefly in my mind as I write is neither of these. Also in the North Country, its surroundings embraced a wide variety of scene. It lay far away from any town of importance in the pleasant country that stretches between the Cheviots and the sea. Going down the gravel path that led to it from the house to which it belonged, you looked over a low wall across fields which degenerated into links and sand to the German Ocean, showing a deep pure blue in the sunlight. Then you came to a high red brick wall, and passing in by an arched doorway you came into the garden itself.

It was surrounded by high walls, giving it an air of absolute seclusion, and I take this to be one of the peculiar features of the kind of garden I have in mind. So far back as the Song of Songs one finds the beauty that lies in this seclusion recognised where the bridegroom, seeking for choice similes to which he might liken his love, compares her to "a garden enclosed." Over the further walls, casting broad deep shadows, hung boughs of old walnut trees, which grew luxuriantly outside. The space within the walls was large enough to give a sense of room. Four-square, in long straight lines, ran the gravel paths, with their borders of box. A similar path ran across, but in the centre of the garden it opened out into a small circular space. There had been a fountain there once, but all that was now left of it was an ancient stone basin, with moss-grown edges, in whose clear waters a few minnows glanced to and fro.

But the flowers of the garden. How shall one picture their wealth and perfume? The newer favourites of the modern garden were not, indeed, to be found there, but there was more than compensation for their absence. Moss roses, with their peculiar and distinctive sweetness; cabbage roses, with their heavy heads breathing out fragrance; York and Lancaster roses, not indeed notable for scent, but quaint and suggestive, with their flecked red and white petals; climbing roses, both red and white, which clad the walls in some parts to a considerable height; peonies, crimson, magenta, pink, and some faded by the sun from faintest blush to white; lilac bushes thick with blossom; tall foxgloves, their white or purple bells continually stirred by the bees who love them so well. And in the shadow of the bushes beds of lily of the valley, with a few flowers still left to tell how sweet they had been a week or two ago; beds of pinks, of stocks, of wallflowers; the dull red of the valerian alternating with the velvety crimson of the sweet William; while, climbing round the higher bushes, hung the bright flowers and light green tendrils of the everlasting peas. Then, as you went down the walk, a waft of refreshing scent came to you from a thick clump of southernwood, while further on the air was full of the delicious smell of sweetbriar.

Sweet scents in the air, the low busy hum of bees, a mellow sunshine, which one might fancy always brooded over these walks and flowers—here is a place to dream in—a place of infinite leisure, where no sound of the busy traffic of life can penetrate, where the only forms one would expect to see are those of a bygone age. Did Charles Edward Stuart make this a halting place on his way southwards? And did he whisper sweet nothings into the ear of some fair daughter of the House here, to the music of the fountain? Or was it here that the fatal tidings of Culloden first struck to the heart of some hapless one, whose parent or lover had fallen on the cruel field, or been taken by the more cruel foe? Or shall we call up

happier visions—such a one as Browning pictures in his "Garden Fancies?" where the walks the gentle lady traversed were surely like this. Perhaps there is one thing more wanting, which a North Country garden cannot possess. Place it in the South, and, as you walk there in the evening, as the twilight deepens, and by and by the moonbeams cast their broad white light across path, and tree, and flower, the charmed stillness is broken by a single note, and, while you listen, the "solemn bird of eve" pours forth her flood of song, and fills all the air with melody.

I have spoken of the variety of scene in the surroundings of the garden. On entering it, you left behind you a view of the sea, full of light and breadth. Leaving it by a door on the opposite side, you came into a lane, peculiarly English in character, and so shady and secluded that it was difficult to imagine the sea was within walking distance. The walnut trees, which lent part of their shade to the garden, made the lane quite dark with their thickness of foliage, through which only one or two rays of sunshine could penetrate. By the side of the cart road ran a tiny burn, which just here expanded into a still pool. Beyond it, where the trees were thickest, stood a cottage, from which children's voices at play fell lightly on the ear. Turning to the right, and following the footpath for a short distance up a bank, still under the shadow of the walnut trees, you could strike off across meadows, on which the sunlight lay unbroken, and so return to the house by a fresh road.

Surely it is only a dream, one is tempted to think, when one looks at one's daily work and one's daily surroundings in the city, and thoughts of what there is to do come into the mind, and drive out these old memories. If you went back to the place you have been picturing, you would find it changed with the times, and the old sense of roominess, and leisure, and restfulness, existing only in the imagination.

It may be so, but, even if it should be, let us not shatter the vision that has afforded a pleasure, however fleeting, or deprive the memory of one oasis whose fragrance and beauty still linger as a "joy for ever."



MISCELLANEOUS.—A neat little volume of songs, entitled "Mélodies pour Chant et Piano," par A. Goring Thomas, contains a pleasing variety suitable for all times and seasons, for humours sad or gay. The words are by various French poets—Remy Belleau, Victor Hugo, Béranger, Racan, Théophile Gautier, and Alfred de Musset; translated by H. C. Wilson, W. Hardinge, Theo Marzials, and John Oxenford. This list of good names is a guarantee for the excellence of the originals and the translations. We commend this volume to the attention of our readers for autumn visiting (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—A cheerful song, containing some good advice, is "Mai Lied" (Nature Still Be Near Us), the English words by the late H. S. Leigh, music by Ferd. Gumbert; it is published in two keys (Messrs. Wilcocks and Co.).—Two clever pianoforte pieces for study, by Heinrich Müller, are "Gondel Lied," and "Drei Charakterstücke"; they will repay the trouble of learning them by heart (Messrs. Forsyth Brothers).—No. II. of "Songs of the Lakes" is "Moss Troopers," written and composed by R. S. and C. S. Cahill; it is a stirring baritone song of a jovial type (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—Full of healthy sentiment is "Dinna Forget," written and composed by Keith Cameron and C. W. Bucherer; compass from D below the lines to F on the fifth line (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—"Crimson and Gold" is the quaint title of a pretty poem by Ellen G. Rule, set to music by George Ord, published in F and A flat (Messrs. Wordsworth and Co., Durham).—A Menuet Impromptu, by Graham P. Moore, is a more than average specimen of its type, and may lay claim to some originality (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—"Two Blue Slippers," Valse, by Mrs. Foster Barham, has a very attractive frontispiece, but the music is commonplace and disappointing (Messrs. Moutrie and Son).—Under a very plain exterior, "The Snuff-Box Polka," by Gilbert Byass, is a very lively and inspiring specimen of dance music (T. C. Turner and Co., Bristol).—A marvellous two pennyworth is "Guest's Musical Entertainer," No. 81, Vol. VII., which contains ten easy arrangements of well-known favourite airs by popular composers (John Guest).

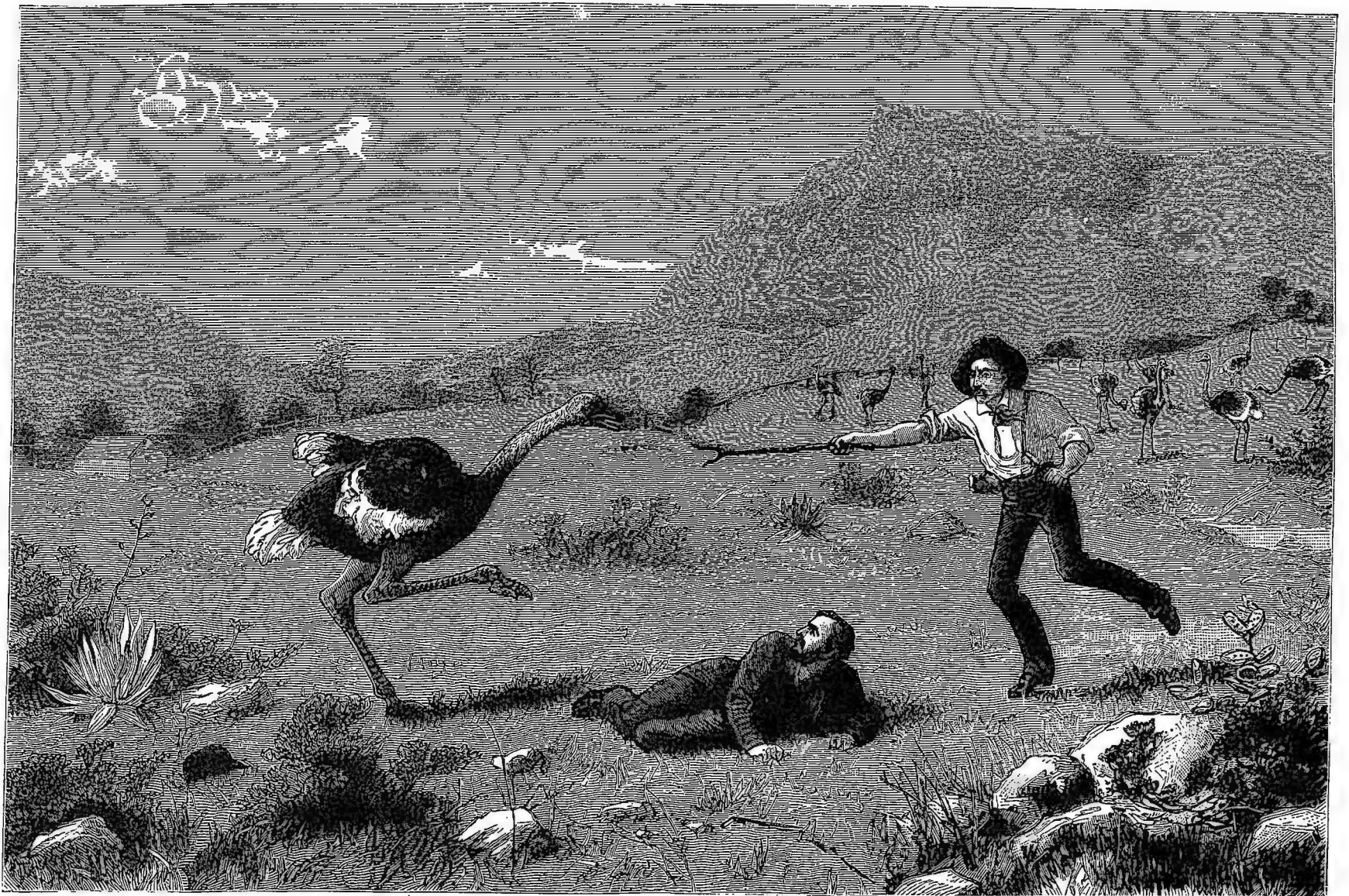
AN OLD EAST ANGLIAN CAPITAL

THE other day the Cambridge Antiquarian Society went beyond the borders of their own county, and visited Thetford. Few who pass this town on their way to or from Ely, or Lynn, or Wymondham, suspect that it is richer in ecclesiastical ruins than perhaps any English townlet of less than 5,000 people. I say ruins, for what does remain at Thetford is in a cruelly ruinous state. In Ireland, at places like Adare or Kells, you find abbeys which Father Ignatius would not think it hopeless to try to restore. There is nothing to restore at Thetford. East Anglian thrift has been more fatal than religious feuds. To go out with malice prepense and "wreck" an old abbey did it far less harm (in the pre-dynamite days) than to industriously pick out the ashlar for building purposes, leaving the flint rubble to be acted on by wet and frost. Stone is a treasure in these parts. Throughout the town (notably in a wall by "the King's House") are bits of Norman capitals, mouldings, and pillars built into those flint walls which even on a sunny day give a hard grey look to the little town. Hence of the priory, except a fine gateway and a fragment of the chancel arch, and a similar fragment of the corner of the Lady Chapel, there is little but shapeless mounds, about which even the most zealous visitor can hardly get up much enthusiasm.

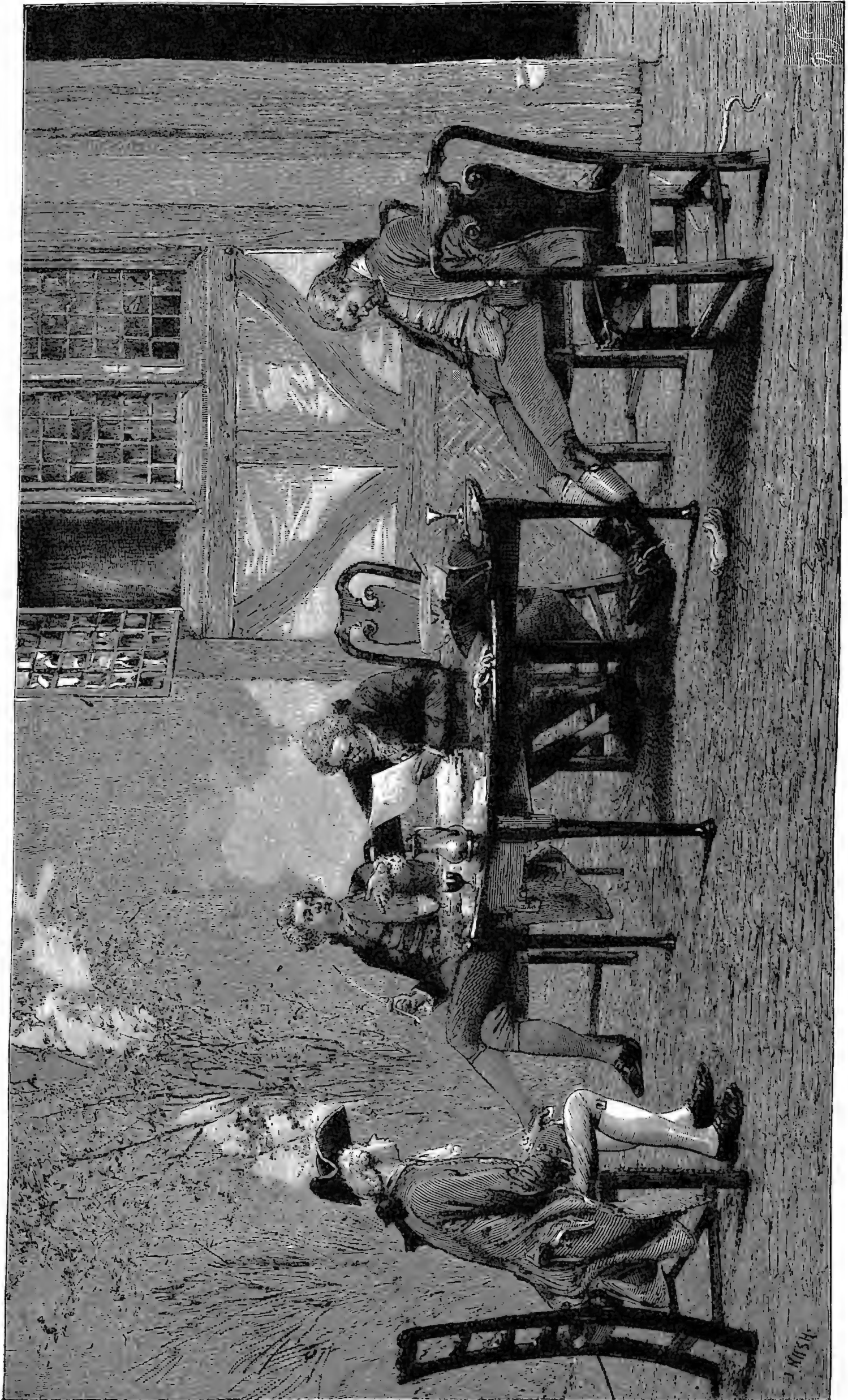
At Castle Acre, north of Swaffham, is another of these grand Norman abbeys of East Anglia; but at Castle Acre there were always fewer people needing stone-built houses than at Thetford; therefore, though the refectory has only one little bit of its stone lining left, and the chapter house (what a gem it must have been) looks as if it had all its surface eaten off, the west front of Castle Acre still remains in fair preservation. Thetford Abbey, founded by Roger Bigod to make up for the removal of the See to Norwich, must have been far grander than Castle Acre. It is now the very shadow of a shade. But Thetford has also (out of some dozen religious houses) the Canons (on the Suffolk side of the Little Ouse, across which some of the Antiquarians were ferried in a punt that, like Charon's, *multum accepit rimosa paludem*) and the Nunnery, founded by the first Abbot of Bury in memory of the slaughter of English and Danes when St. Edmund was martyred. This is, architecturally, far the most interesting object in the town. Refectory and other buildings are almost wholly gone, nothing left but a few ivied walls in a delightful garden. And what a place Thetford is for gardens. How the present occupants atone for the stone-stealing of bygone days by crowning the ruins with a glory of bright flowers. And what a day it was, sandwiched into the dismal dreariness of this wintery July. And how bright it all looked—the Priory bright, the Nunnery brighter, brightest of all the garden by the river, where an eighteenth-century memorial urn is all that marks the site of John of Gaunt's Austin Friary. I felt the warmth and the glow of the flowers and the trim neatness of the greensward, for I had been the day before at Castle Acre, qualifying for rheumatism in a rough damp meadow, and regretting amid the total want of shelter, that the first Lord Leicester should have preferred



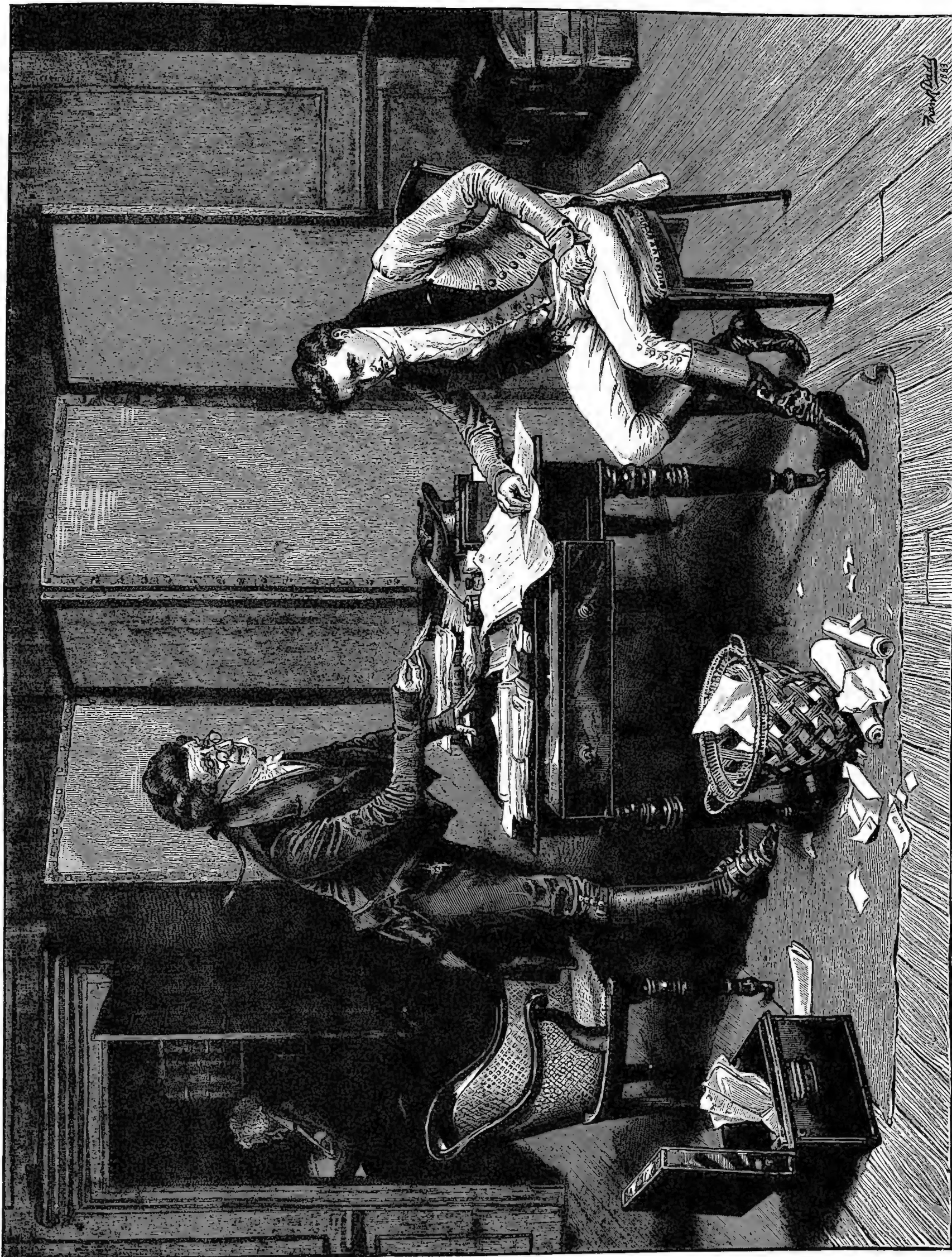
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RECENTLY SOLD FOR £1,510, OR £230 MORE THAN HAS EVER BEEN PAID FOR ANY PRINT BEFORE



ATTACKED BY AN OSTRICH—AN INCIDENT ON A FARM AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE



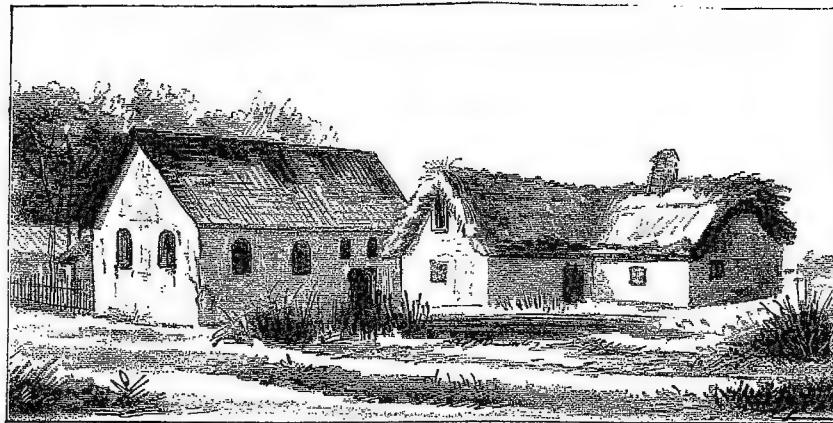
"TRAGEDY"
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. NASH EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS



"IN THE TOILS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK DADD EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS



ABRAHAM BUXBAUM
Butcher's Assistant, Charged with Cutting
Esther's Throat.



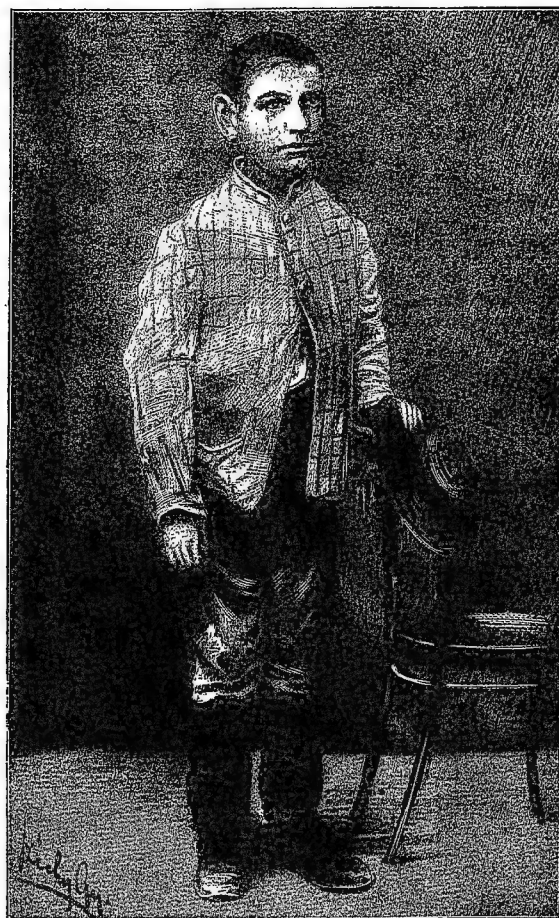
**SYNAGOGUE AND HOUSE OF JOSEPH SCHARF, KEEPER OF THE TEMPLE
AT TISZA-ESSLAR**



SOLOMON SCHWARZ
Chief Jewish Butcher, Charged with Cutting Esther's
Throat for the Passover Sacrifice.



HERMANN WOLLNER
A Beggar, Accused of Helping Scharf to Hold
Esther During the Murder.



MORITZ SCHARF
Elder Son of Joseph Scharf, and the Chief Witness of the
Alleged Murder.



LEOPOLD BRAUN
Butcher's Assistant, Accused of Cutting
Esther's Throat.



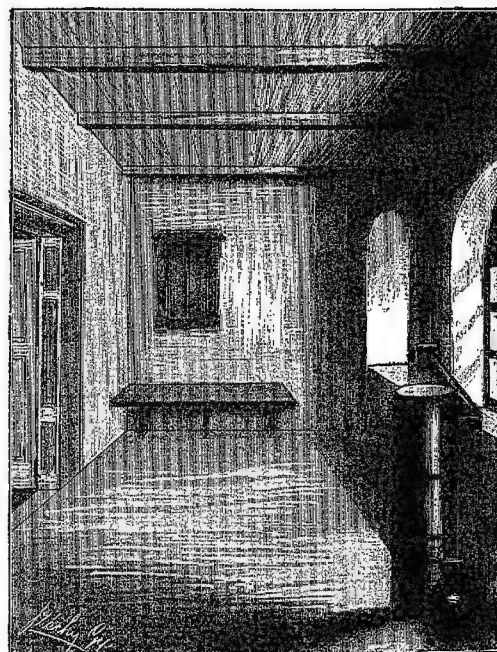
JANKEL SMILOVITCH
Raft Proprietor, Charged with Endeavouring to Pass
Off a Corpse as that of Esther.



LAZAR WEISSTEIN
Accused of Helping to Re-Dress Esther
After the Murder.



ESTHER SOLOMOSSY
Said to Have Been Murdered by the Jews.



**THE VESTIBULE OF THE SYNAGOGUE, WHERE THE
MURDER IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED**



JOSEPH SCHARF
Keeper of the Synagogue, Accused of Having Enticed Esther into
the Temple, and Assisting in the Murder.

Holkham-in-the-Hole as the site of his new house instead of William of Warren's Castle and Abbey. But though at Thetford all else is well-nigh gone to shapeless decay, the Nunnery still keeps its big church, now a barn, the transept with fireplaces and holes for beams showing how it has once served for dwelling rooms, but still the grand lines preserved, and the roof, enabling even the most sluggish imagination to realise what one of these abbey churches looked like. The churches (three out of twenty-one of which the names are recorded) are naught; at little St. Clement's a fifteenth-century screen has survived the changes which flattened the roof, gave square heads to the nave windows, and turned the clerestory windows into square holes. The chancel has been restored, *i.e.*, turned into something very pretty to the honour and glory of the architect; I do hope that in future repairs that flat roof and those square windows will be spared as evidence of how things were done in the good old days.

At the Town Hall there are amongst other "regalia" (is that the right word?) two old silver maces, locally called Saxon, but bearing arms which one of the Cambridge *savans* cruelly (perhaps unjustly) asserted to be Tudor. Thetford is proud of its Mayors. Mayor and Dean (for it kept the Dean after it was deserted by the Bishop) had special jurisdiction, and once upon a time caused the mysterious penalty of *præmunire* to be inflicted on Bishop Nix for suing in his Court one of their townsmen. The Bishop had to pay smartly; for the windows of King's College Chapel (which he was ordered to put in) were not bought for nothing. The last thing the Antiquarians saw (and certainly not the least interesting) was "the King's House." Here tea had been given to half the party, the other half being assigned to the hospitable care of the Vicar; then the two halves joined, and, after Dr. Bennett of Rushford had shown several very curious documents, including one signed by De Conville, founder of "Gonville and Caius" College, they were taken round the wainscoted rooms, and told how Queen Elizabeth lived here, and James I., and how in earlier days it was a Royal Mint. Of course, James (being a mighty hunter as well as what scoffers call a pedant) liked the neighbourhood. He would like it still, for game is the chief product hereabouts; Dhuleep Singh vying with the ex-partner of Brassey in energetic preserving. Even after James deserted it (affronted by some farmer who didn't like his corn ridden over), Thetford had a sort of left-handed royalty. As a county historian puts it: "Yet it retains marks of Royal distinction in the favourable countenance of His Grace the Duke of Grafton, who honours them with being the present Recorder, and whose patronage and generosity promise them future prosperity." But *Festina nox movet*, the motto on "the King's House" sundial, warns me to finish off. I hope I may induce passers-by to take Thetford between two trains (or, at any rate, to read up its very interesting history). It is well worth seeing; the very pleasant way in which I saw it, the life and movement, the carriages of the local gentry moving about to take the lady Antiquarians from point to point, the novelty of seeing dons unbend and become even as other men, nay, much more courteous and obliging than most people, may give a too rosy colour to my remembrances; but under any circumstances the old Sitomagus, which had its Synod of Bishops in 669, is really worth a visit; and a man who manages his railways well may contrive to see it, and get on to Castle Acre, and then sleep at Castle Rising. H. S. F.



"CIRCE'S LOVERS," a novel, by James Leith Derwent (3 vols. : Chatto and Windus), is feminine in topic, masculine in treatment. For some reason, the treatment of which would require an entire essay, one does not look to masculine pens for the more morbid kinds of love stories, while pens feminine, which affect them, are hindered by happy ignorance from executing them with any sort of power. Mr. Derwent is to be commended for the strength of hand with which he depicts passion, and for the modesty with which he contrives to keep within the lines of propriety. He is by no means to be commended, however, for the choice of a subject which rendered this sort of reticence necessary. Iily Desmond, the Circe of the title-page, is a more than ordinarily depraved young woman, and as unscrupulous as she is depraved—or as she is beautiful, by which we are intended to understand a great deal. The plot shows how she got two weakminded young simpletons and one fatuous elderly nobleman into her toils, and twisted them altogether round her finger, until the escape of at any rate two of them from her clutches is only obtained by a sudden lapse into common sense, aided by a discovery of her designs, and by an accident which temporarily destroyed her beauty. Yet the folly and depravity which Mr. Derwent has set himself to describe is never exaggerated beyond the bounds of possible realism, with the result that it is infinitely more disagreeable than any mere exercise of imagination. Nevertheless, we are the more inclined to dwell upon the perfect propriety of the novel, lest persons of a false taste in fiction should expect to find in it non-existent attractions. The subject will repel readers whose tastes are sound and wholesome, but the treatment, apart from the topic, is altogether unobjectionable. For this reason "Circe's Lovers" is unlikely to please any class; and this is much to be regretted, for the sake of its real spirit and power. In "King Lazarus" the author showed that he can deal as well with a good subject as with a bad one. Why should he not repeat an experiment that could hardly fail to succeed?

Katherine S. Macquoid writes for those who, for the sake of graceful sentiment, are content to dispense with power. For ourselves, we find her at her best when she carries us among the apple orchards of Normandy, and like her less in proportion to the distance she wanders from those congenial scenes. "Her Sailor Love" (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), of which the scene is laid in a very conventional sort of England, being devoid of the local colour that gives its authoress her especial characteristic, is little more than a sentimental love story of the ordinary pattern. It is only a little more sentimental than its type, and not much more improbable. The plot turns upon the schemes of an unscrupulous and jealous woman to part a girl from her true lover and to marry her to a stepson of the *intriguante*, Harriet Limber by name. Considering that she is supposed to be as clever as she is without scruple, the apparent pains she takes in order to be found out instantly by her would-be victims is inconceivable out of fiction. She suppresses the letters of a man who is sure to write to others, tells lies which nobody but an idiot would believe for a moment, and seizes every opportunity of showing her hand plainly to everybody concerned. But she very nearly succeeds; and she would have quite succeeded had not Elsie pinned her faith to a crazy dream, and had not the man whom she had half promised to marry been seized with a lucid interval at a critical point of the otherwise universal imbecility. The hero, Stephen Brent, carries stupidity and credulity to a pitch only excusable on the ground that one gleam of common sense or common manhood on his part would have demolished the plot altogether. It is really impossible, in such cases as these, to respond to the call for our sympathies. Mrs. Macquoid has surely had too much experience in her art to suppose that the world's interest in the conventional results of a suppressed letter, and in misunderstandings caused by want of sense, can endure for ever. Such things are the last refuge of writers who are altogether destitute of invention—that is to say, who are altogether unlike Mrs. Macquoid. Loys sounds like a lady's name; but "Loys, Lord Berresford,"

(3 vols. : Smith, Elder and Co.), as the authoress of "Phillis," &c., calls her hero, is a fascinatingly wicked young gentleman, of the diluted Byronic type, who bullies a poor girl into loving him, and wins her from herself at a rubber of *carté* (she being both stake and player) in a railway carriage. For the sake of this half crazy boor, the girl, who is a sad goose, jilts an honest gentleman, marries, and lives happily, we are led to suppose, all the rest of her days. Evidently the sympathies of the authoress of "Phillis," &c., are of the school which despises tame goodness, and considers a black sheep as the ideal lover. Nor must the mischief of such stories be estimated too lightly. Of course their views of life, love, and marriage are founded on absolute ignorance, but then they tend to spread and confirm the equal ignorance of others. The perusal of "Loys, Lord Berresford," did not tempt us to make acquaintance with the shorter stories which follow.

CIRCULAR PLEASURE TOURS

"How do you mean to travel?" The question of Faust cannot in these days be answered as it was to him; but without "spreading the mantle out," we may still move fast, light-laden, "and soon be far away." One of the pleasantest of the modes is that of the circular-tour system, which in the North is growing. In Scotland, the Caledonian and other railways have adapted it to rail, road, and steamboat amongst the lochs; it has been adopted by some of the railways in our English lake district; and, for the last two or three years, the system has been increasingly used by the railways that serve the largest part of the Northern Counties. These circular pleasure tours are intended to include some of the chief of the most attractive localities in the district covered. One of them, for instance, in Scotland, is from Edinburgh to Greenock by rail, thence to Arrochar (Loch Long) by steamer, to Tarbet by coach, to Ardhir by steamer, to Crianlarich by coach, and thence returning to the starting point by rail. A second, from Sheffield, includes the towns of Pontefract, York, Saltburn, Whitby, Scarborough, Hull, and back to complete the "round" that cannot be dull at Sheffield.

In the case which we shall take as an example, Leeds shall be the starting-point, and the route is over the Midland Railway up to its great northern extension to Hawes, and thence by the North-Eastern Railway to Northallerton, where the main line to York is reached, and the "circle"—if it may be so called, which approaches nearer to a square—is completed by the return by Church Fenton to Leeds. The cost of the railway "ticket," or book of coupons rather, is—first-class, 17s. 6d.; or, third-class, 10s. 9d. Application for the "ticket" procures us, at either of these rates, a small book of coupons suggestive of Cook and his compeers in foreign travel. This little book is signed by the purchaser, and forms the contract between him and the railway companies. It is available for one month by any train, and the holder may stop at each station he chooses in the range indicated. The coupons are not from station to station; but, if the passenger desires to stay at any one between the junctions to which the coupons are available, he deposits with the station-master his book until he again returns to the rail.

Thus he may stay at Saltaire to visit the manufacturing town, its park, or its temples; at Keighley—close to the Haworth country; at Skipton, in the midst of the great grazing and quarrying Craven district; or at Bell Busk, near the rocks and coves of Malham. Onwards, thence, to Settle, where the Ribbles valley is ascended, and the wildness of Blea Moor succeeds, and tunnels and viaducts bring the traveller by Dent to Hawes Junction, where the course turns sharp to the east, and, after a few miles of wildness and bleakness, Wensleydale opens out its beauties, and by quaint towns and villages, with "forces" and falls ever sounding in the river, Leyburn and Bedale and Northallerton are reached; the route is thence southwards to York, and across country by Church Fenton to Leeds. It affords admirably-varied scenery; it gives ample facility for walking, if desired—for "the holders may omit part of the tour," so long as they follow its general direction; and it is free from the dictation that necessarily accompanies ordinary excursions, where the time is allotted to different parts according to a pre-arranged plan, which cannot be diverged from.

The programme of these tours on the two lines we have named embraces thirty kinds—starting from different centres on the lines, and overlapping and interlacing each other. The passengers travel by the ordinary trains from and to any station included in the round; they stay or move at their option, unencumbered with luggage, for though 60 lbs. of luggage is allowed, it may be left at stations or sent on, if its owner desires to break the journey by a walk; and within the limits of the circle and within the time of a month, the pleasure circular tour opens out to the passenger the whole of the scenery and surroundings of the dales, moors, mountains, or seaboard he may choose, untrammelled by regulations as to time of train or speed of movement in any part. It is an innovation on the ordinary course of railways that is of value, as it gives to the tourist a mode of travel that is cheapest, a method that allows of freedom of his choice as to periods and places of stay. And if the managers of other railways would in similar methods cultivate traffic, they would find an increasing reward.

J. W. S.

THE JEWISH TRIAL IN HUNGARY

THE Jewish trial now drawing to a close at Nyiregyhaza may be ranked among the most curious modern *causes célèbres*. Just as the English credited the martyrdom of Hugh of Lincoln six centuries ago, so ignorant Hungarians still believe that the Jews use Christian blood for their Passover sacrifices, and this old tradition has served as excuse for an outbreak of that fierce hatred of the Jews which has lately caused so much suffering on the Continent.

The trial arose out of the mysterious disappearance of a Christian servant girl, of fourteen, at Tisza-Esslar, a village in Eastern Hungary, near the Tokay vineyards. In April, 1882, three days before the Jewish Passover, Esther Solymosi was sent to a neighbouring village to buy some painter's colours, and never returned. Gradually a rumour spread abroad that the missing girl had been murdered by the Jews as a ritual sacrifice, and that the secret had been told by the five-year-old son of Joseph Scharf, keeper of the synagogue. Esther's mother procured an official inquiry at Tisza-Esslar, where little Sam Scharf declared that his father had enticed Esther into the synagogue, and cut her throat, aided by Sam and his elder brother Moritz. Both Joseph and Moritz Scharf denied the accusation, but subsequently Moritz corroborated his brother's story, and gave most circumstantial details of the affair. Hearing cries from the synagogue—so he declared—he looked through the keyhole, and saw Esther being held down by his father, Scharf, and a beggar named Wollner, while three Jewish butchers, Salomon Schwarz, Braun, and Buxbaum, cut her throat, and allowed the blood to flow into a basin. She was then redressed, and moved to another part of the building, but when Moritz stole in afterwards, the body and all traces of blood had disappeared.

A few days later Esther's body itself was reported to have been found in the Theiss, near Dada. However, the mother could not identify Esther, although she recognised the clothes. Moreover, the medical experts differed considerably respecting the age of the girl and the time the corpse had been in the water. Soon afterwards two raftsmen on the Theiss, David Hersko and a companion, declared that they had been bribed by Jankel Smilovits, a raft proprietor at Tisza-Esslar, to tie this body under their raft and float it down to Dada, where it was to be professedly found. Smilovits himself superintended the dressing of the body in their presence, and alleged that it had been brought to him by Amsel Vogel. Whether the body is actually that of Esther or of some

girl provided to furnish a pretext against the Jews remains doubtful, but no signs of the wound in the throat have been seen. Recently a letter enclosed in a bottle was found in the river, alleging that a Hungarian engineer, Docki, drowned his faithless sweetheart in the Theiss, but this affair did not take place until July, while Esther's supposed body was produced in June.

This evidence has been repeated in highly contradictory and incoherent style during the trial which began on June 19 amidst intense excitement. Fifteen Jews are arraigned, and we publish portraits of the nine chief accused, together with those of the missing girl and Moritz Scharf, on whose statement rests the chief evidence of the crime. The butchers Schwarz, Braun, and Buxbaum, and the beggar Wollner, are charged with the actual murder, Scharf and Weissstein with complicity in the affair, and Smilovits, Vogel, and Hersko with smuggling the corpse into the river. The case itself has been most strangely conducted, but has fully exposed the shameful conduct of the police officials in the preliminary inquiry. The magistrates are strongly biased against the Jews, while the violent popular feeling has led to constant scenes in the Court, the Public Prosecutor and the defending counsels being repeatedly threatened. Both witnesses and accused have constantly contradicted themselves, and often their later statements have so widely differed from their original depositions that several are to be prosecuted for perjury. The raftsmen in particular have entirely retracted their first confession, which they now declare was extracted under torture. Indeed, throughout the local authorities apparently practised brutal cruelties to extort evidence against the Jews. Many witnesses were beaten, forced to drink quantities of water, and otherwise tortured, chiefly at the instigation of a certain Judge Bary. Others again were coerced by the Christian community at Tisza-Esslar, one girl, Julie Vamossi, being positively ill-treated by her own parents. One witness needed little coercion—young Moritz Scharf, whose terrible malignity against his father and his creed is most extraordinary in an ignorant country lad of fourteen. His veracity was unfavourably tested when the Court visited Tisza-Esslar to inspect the Synagogue. A repetition of the supposed murder was enacted for their benefit, and it was proved that Moritz could not possibly have seen what he alleged. The result of the trial will be found in our "Foreign" column.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

POPULAR appreciation seems to have been awarded to "The Destiny of Man, and Other Poems," by Frederick Griffin (Trübner), since it has reached a second edition; for our own part we fail to detect much merit, either in the rather dreary didactic piece which names the little volume, or in the rest of the contents. As a fair sample of the author's rhythmical powers the following extract may suffice:—

And 'neath each mail-clad breast of steel,
A lion heart with loyal zeal
Beat, when they espoused the cause
Of what were termed the Holy Wars.
Now we admit that chivalry has long since passed away,
And men more practical become in this our present day.

As a superb instance of bathos it would be difficult to beat this.

Neither can much be said in praise of "Voices in Solitude," by "R. G. H." (J. and R. Maxwell). The general execution is tolerable, but the pieces as a rule lack force and interest; about the best is one entitled "The Colonist," which contains some fairly powerful lines.

Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery, but perhaps it is carried almost to excess in "The Blind Boy, and Other Poems," by William Reeves (City of London Publishing Company). The author is evidently a devoted admirer of "The May Queen," "Locksley Hall," and others of Mr. Tennyson's poems, and we seem somehow to have met before with lines something like the following:—

Joy took up the harp of youth, and played upon its silver string,
or again,
O, thou guardian of my childhood! O, my Mother! Mine no more.

And, by the bye, in what phenomenal climate did snowdrops blossom in the month of May?

The author of "A Poem of Life," Emma Marie Caillard (London Literary Society), has yet to learn that blank verse is governed by strict rules, and that the lines should not consist for choice of from twelve to fourteen feet, with no appreciable caesura. The lyrics are somewhat better, but do not soar above mediocrity.

Meritorious attempt, with no great measure of success, is noticeable in "Poems," by Howard Deazeley, M.A. (London Literary Society). It might be worth inquiring in what precise sense the present century could be described as "a songless age;" and before the author attempts to parody Mr. Swinburne he had better learn to write his metres.

It is with some little diffidence that we notice a strange little book entitled "Towards Democracy" (John Heywood), because in the first place we have utterly failed, after serious study, to grasp its meaning; and secondly, it may, after all, have been intended for some sort of prose—we incline, however, to believe that its mystic utterances are to be regarded as being embodied in that description of verse commonly associated with the name of Mr. Walt Whitman. Certainly the eccentric author of "Leaves of Grass" never wrote anything wilder than some of the contents; one or two extracts may best show the nature of the work. The following is rather suggestive of a lunatic Ollendorf, with stage directions:—

The guides are all talking. They are settling the affairs of the universe. (They never cease.)
They have not settled yet which way to go themselves, how shall they give help to an ignorant child?
They are busy moreover distributing money and pamphlets, and surely nothing more can be needed.
They are very busy. They are worn out and rest not. Their faces are without sleep.

The author announces several times, "I arise and pass," and once "I choke," but whither or why we have failed to gather; he seems, however, to be well up in English geography. Finally, the book concludes thus:—

And the fall of the leaf through the air, and the greeting of one that passes on the road, shall be more to you than the wisdom of all the books ever written—and of this book.

For calm assurance it would be hard to beat the conviction embodied in the last four words! But the book is truly "mystic, wonderful,"—like nothing so much as a nightmare after too earnest a study of the Koran!

The author must decide for himself whether it was worth while to write "Songs by the Wayside of an Agnostic's Life," by Himself (W. Stewart); we are concerned only with the question whether it was worth while to publish them, and think it was not, either for what must, for want of a more appropriate term, be called the thoughts, or for the form in which these are embodied. The cheerful Evangel of Negation receives no new elucidation in these rather doggerel rhymes, and in such a piece as "Religion and Morality" the author simply sets up an imaginary belief,—such as no reasoning being entertainments,—as a sort of theological Aunt Sally!

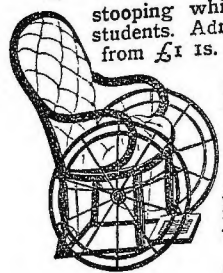
In the "Parchment Library" Series Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. issue "The Sonnets of John Milton," edited by Mark Pattison, than whom no man was better fitted for the task. The introductory essay on that well-worn theme, the proper structure of the sonnet, is careful and scholarly, whilst the notes are copious and to the point. The type is larger than in some other volumes of the series.

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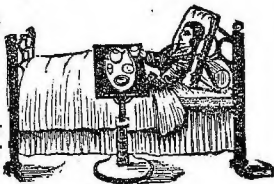


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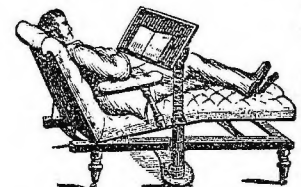
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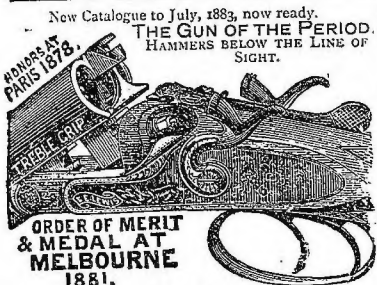


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THE SEEMING MYSTERY OF CHOLERA AND FEVER

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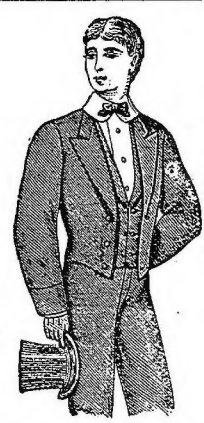
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Class 240, £1088 Class 242, £1097 Class 244, £1106 Class 246, £1115
Class 248, £1124 Class 250, £1133 Class 252, £1142 Class 254, £1151
Class 256, £1160 Class 258, £1169 Class 260, £1178 Class 262, £1187
Class 264, £1196 Class 266, £1205 Class 268, £1214 Class 270, £1223
Class 272, £1232 Class 274, £1241 Class 276, £1250 Class 278, £1259
Class 280, £1268 Class 282, £1277 Class 284, £1286 Class 286, £1295
Class 288, £1304 Class 290, £1313 Class 292, £1322 Class 294, £1331
Class 296, £1340 Class 298, £1349 Class 300, £1358 Class 302, £1367
Class 304, £1376 Class 306, £1385 Class 308, £1394 Class 310, £1403
Class 312, £1412 Class 314, £1421 Class 316, £1430 Class 318, £1439
Class 320, £1448 Class 322, £1457 Class 324, £1466 Class 326, £1475
Class 328, £1484 Class 330, £1493 Class 332, £1502 Class 334, £1511
Class 336, £1520 Class 338, £1529 Class 340, £1538 Class 342, £1547
Class 344, £1556 Class 346, £1565 Class 348, £1574 Class 350, £1583
Class 352, £1592 Class 354, £1601 Class 356, £1610 Class 358, £1619
Class 360, £1628 Class 362, £1637 Class 364, £1646 Class 366, £1655
Class 368, £1664 Class 370, £1673 Class 372, £1682 Class 374, £1691
Class 376, £1700 Class 378, £1709 Class 380, £1718 Class 382, £1727
Class 384, £1736 Class 386, £1745 Class 388, £1754 Class 390, £1763
Class 392, £1772 Class 394, £1781 Class 396, £1790 Class 398, £1799
Class 400, £1808 Class 402, £1817 Class 404, £1826 Class 406, £1835
Class 408, £1844 Class 410, £1853 Class 412, £1862 Class 414, £1871
Class 416, £1880 Class 418, £1889 Class 420, £1898 Class 422, £1907
Class 424, £1916 Class 426, £1925 Class 428, £1934 Class 430, £1943
Class 432, £1952 Class 434, £1961 Class 436, £1970 Class 438, £1979
Class 440, £1988 Class 442, £1997 Class 444, £2006 Class 446, £2015
Class 448, £2024 Class 450, £2033 Class 452, £2042 Class 454, £2051
Class 456, £2060 Class 458, £2069 Class 460, £2078 Class 462, £2087
Class 464, £2096 Class 466, £2105 Class 468, £2114 Class 470, £2123
Class 472, £2132 Class 474, £2141 Class 476, £2150 Class 478, £2159
Class 480, £2168 Class 482, £2177 Class 484, £2186 Class 486, £2195
Class 488, £2204 Class 490, £2213 Class 492, £2222 Class 494, £2231
Class 496, £2240 Class 498, £2249 Class 500, £2258 Class 502, £2267
Class 504, £2276 Class 506, £2285 Class 508, £2294 Class 510, £2303
Class 512, £2312 Class 514, £2321 Class 516, £2330 Class 518, £2339
Class 520, £2348 Class 522, £2357 Class 524, £2366 Class 526, £2375
Class 528, £2384 Class 530, £2393 Class 532, £2402 Class 534, £2411
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Class 552, £2492 Class 554, £2501 Class 556, £2510 Class 558, £2519
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Class 576, £2600 Class 578, £2609 Class 580, £2618 Class 582, £2627
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Class 608, £2744 Class 610, £2753 Class 612, £2762 Class 614, £2771
Class 616, £2780 Class 618, £2789 Class 620, £2798 Class 622, £2807
Class 624, £2816 Class 626, £2825 Class 628, £2834 Class 630, £2843
Class 632, £2852 Class 634, £2861 Class 636, £2870 Class 638, £2879
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Class 688, £3104 Class 690, £3113 Class 692, £3122 Class 694, £3131
Class 696, £3140 Class 698, £3149 Class 700, £3158 Class 702, £3167
Class 704, £3176 Class 706, £3185 Class 708, £3194 Class 710, £3203
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Class 720, £3248 Class 722, £3257 Class 724, £3266 Class 726, £3275
Class 728, £3284 Class 730, £3293 Class 732, £3302 Class 734, £3311
Class 736, £3320 Class 738, £3329 Class 740, £3338 Class 742, £3347
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Class 752, £3392 Class 754, £3401 Class 756, £3410 Class 758, £3419
Class 760, £3428 Class 762, £3437 Class 764, £3446 Class 766, £3455
Class 768, £3464 Class 770, £3473 Class 772, £3482 Class 774, £3491
Class 776, £3500 Class 778, £3509 Class 780, £3518 Class 782, £3527
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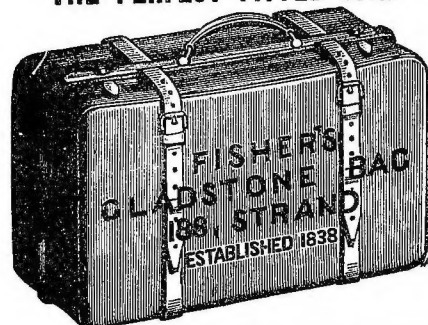


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